

THE Spirit of Missions

Vol. LXXXV

MAY, 1920

No. 5

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ONE OF THE WALKS AT BOONE
(See "*Student Life at Boone University*", page 281)

The Spirit of Missions

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THE PROGRESS OF THE KINGDOM

EVERY week brings a new appeal to the working staff of the Church Missions House for more leaders in the field. The last one comes from Santo Domingo, where the representatives of the Red Cross have been making a survey of the moral and religious conditions; and their report is a challenge to every Christian. The Dominican Republic—now a protectorate of the United States—occupies about two-thirds of the island of Haiti. There are more than 700,000 people speaking the Spanish language, and 95 per cent. of them illiterate. The report says that their social life is virtually without any moral standards, although they have shown distinct capacity for moral and educational development. They seem to have been overlooked or forgotten by the various mission boards. The Reverend William Wyllie, of our own Church, is working faithfully, and tells pathetic stories of the well-trained members of the Church of England, who came from the various islands to work on the sugar plantations, and who look in vain for an opportunity to attend the services of the Church; but Mr. Wyllie has so far been unable to get any clergyman to volunteer for this field.

The crying need of the Church is for more clergy, who will lead in Her missionary expansion—young men of force and character, who will take their lives in their hands and go to the front on the firing line, with consecrated enthusiasm and unselfish devotion to the great adventure of faith.

Dr. Elwood Worcester, of Boston, has published a splendid sermon explaining the need of a real college for missionaries, where men of promise could be taught the languages of foreign peoples and study the history and spirit of their civilization—but we should go deeper than that. We need agencies to bring to the attention of our boys and young men the claims of the Ministry of the Church, and especially the supreme call of the Church's Mission to the world.

Undoubtedly the first recruiting ground of the Church's Ministry is the Christian home and the mother's influence. From Saint Augustine in Hippo to our own Bishop Whittingham, there is a glorious line of leaders who have responded to the mother's prayers. But the second and important sphere of influence must be the Christian college, where directly and indirectly, by power of environment and contact with personalities, a young man's mind, at the period when the ideals of life are being formed, may be attracted to that

The Progress of the Kingdom.

special service for Christ which the Ministry affords. Therefore, we must entreat our people, who are interested in the increase of the Ministry, who believe that there is no more honorable (we use Saint Paul's word) employment of a man's life than the official service of the Church, to see to it that the higher education of our young men shall not exclude or even be divorced from those influences and appeals which call for the higher and completer sacrifice for the cause of Jesus Christ.

Surely we do not have to accept as a recognized condition the statement made to me by an intelligent Churchwoman a short time ago: "My son is a dear boy in every way; but he has just graduated at the university; and you know, when a boy spends four years at the university, he loses all interest in the Church."

Rev. A. Gailor

ON February 25th in the Church of Our Saviour, Shanghai, the Reverend Gouverneur Frank Mosher was consecrated to be the second bishop of the Philippine Islands. Thus for the second time Bishop Graves relinquishes the jurisdiction in the Islands he has twice accepted in response to emergency calls. On this occasion as presiding bishop and consecrator he conferred episcopal orders upon one of his own sons in the Faith selected by the Church in America to lead Her work on behalf of all the varied peoples of a remote colonial dependency. The service of consecration was truly international in character. English as well as American bishops joined in it. One of the latter was from Japan. For the first time in the history of the Church, so far as is known, a Chinese bishop shared in a consecration.

Bishop Mosher is unusually well equipped to deal with the many difficult problems the Philippine Islands present. His entire ministry has been spent in the Orient. He knows as few do its point of view and modes of thought, its needs and possibilities. He has administrative and constructive qualities of a high order. There is no better example of this in the Church in China than in our station at Wusih. When the new bishop began his work in this city eighteen years ago there were comparatively few Christians among its three hundred thousand people. No communion except the Roman Catholic had any established work. We had no property, no following. Today our work is centered in two fine compounds, one for the evangelistic and educational activities, the other as the site of a small but excellent hospital. The most beautiful church in our China mission is regularly used by a large and well-instructed congregation. Preaching halls and Sunday-schools in other parts of the city and some of the surrounding villages carry the message to a steadily widening circle of hearers. Bishop Mosher's ability to build strongly at the center and at the same time to reach out to the circumference will exactly meet the requirements of his new field. He will need all the support of prayer and equipment the Church at home can give him. For nearly two years and a half the Philippine District has been without a resident bishop. It has been a time of political and economic transition. The Church must share worthily in meeting the new situation as it shared in meeting the old during Bishop Brent's memorable episcopate. The new bishop will need helpers to meet the exacting requirements of the scattered and varied fields of the Philippines. Full information about these posts can be obtained from the Executive Secretary of the Department of Missions.

The Progress of the Kingdom.

MUCH has been published, both in the Church and secular press, regarding the shortage of salmon along the Yukon and its tributaries in the interior of Alaska, and the consequent inconvenience and suffering caused to both men and beasts. Inquiries have been coming to us and many people have expressed a desire to do what lay in their power to right whatever is wrong about the situation. As the whole matter has been given wide publicity we will not go into all of the details, but would summarize by stating that last year a cannery was operated at the mouth of the Yukon River and last summer there was an unprecedented shortage of salmon along the Yukon River and its tributaries. It was thought by some that the shortage was in no way the result of the cannery. Bishop Rowe, Archdeacon Stuck and others, however, have felt that the matter is a critical one and must be rectified before serious consequences result. The aid of the Church was asked to supply specific needs at a few points, and, as always, the response was a liberal one and the immediate shortage of fish was supplemented by other food. In the meantime, however, many questions have been asked far and wide; much interest has been aroused and the matter has become of sufficient importance for the delegate to Congress to introduce a bill prohibiting such fishing in the Yukon delta and its immediate vicinity. Archdeacon Stuck's article in this issue will give a general picture of conditions.

In his last report to the Board of Missions, giving an account of his work in 1919, Bishop Rowe concludes the account of his trip in the *Pelican* during the summer and fall, along the rivers of the interior, with these words:

"It was a pathetic sight this year to find at every camp the people waiting for the usual run of fish and wondering why it did not take place. Without fish they go hungry. And it cuts you to the heart to see the patient suffering—little children hungry, emaciated, and still suffering patiently. Perhaps they would catch a fish or two a day—enough to alleviate their present hunger. But they caught very little in excess to dry and put up for winter use for themselves and for their dogs. And this perfectly describes the situation at every camp we visited on the Yukon, Koyukuk and Tanana rivers. This is not hearsay—it is *personal observation*."

In the last issue of *The Alaskan Churchman* (February, 1920), the Reverend F. B. Drane, who has just passed his fifth consecutive winter in Alaska, says in an editorial:

"Here in this Tanana valley the situation is acute. . . . That the cannery was in a large measure responsible for the shortage of salmon which has been so acutely felt on the Yukon and on its great tributaries, the Koyukuk and the Tanana, cannot be disputed. . . . Ask any white man on the length of the Tanana, and unless he is entirely uninformed or is connected in some way with the interests of the cannery, he will say most positively that the cannery was a cause of privation to both whites and natives dependent on the fish. About all the fish to reach us on the Tanana were those that broke through the nets or else were small enough to slip through the meshes. . . . All along the Tanana River every effort was made to catch fish, but without success. Try as the Indians and white men would, they could only catch a very few small salmon, and many of these would be net-marked."

A bill has been introduced into Congress and both Bishop Rowe and Archdeacon Stuck request that readers of *THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS* use what influence they have with their senators and representatives in Congress to urge its early consideration. (See page 317.)

The Progress of the Kingdom.

THE Church generally and many of his friends were greatly shocked to learn of the sudden death of the Reverend William Cleveland Hicks, missionary secretary of the Province of Washington, on April 17th at the Hotel Seville, New York. Mr. Hicks had come to New York to attend several meetings which took place immediately after the meeting of the Department of Missions and was taken ill at the Church Missions House on Friday, the 16th. His indisposition did not seem to be serious and after resting awhile he was able to go on with his work. Later, however, on returning to his hotel he was taken seriously ill and died the next day. The funeral services were held at Saint Agnes's Chapel, New York, on the morning of April 20th.

William Cleveland Hicks Mr. Hicks was a graduate of Trinity College and the General Theological Seminary. He was ordained deacon in 1894 and priested the same year by Bishop Starkey. His ministry was spent first as a missionary in Duke's County, Massachusetts, and then from 1889 to 1906 as one of the curates at Saint Agnes's Chapel of Trinity Parish, New York City. Leaving New York he went to Cumberland, Maryland, in 1907, and remained there until his election as provincial secretary in 1916.

Mr. Hicks was a man of gentle and kindly instincts who made friends wherever he went. He will be greatly missed by all who knew him.

THERE are no pages of missionary history more appealing than those which record the chivalrous devotion of the strong in their efforts to protect the weak. In our own land—to use only one example among many which come to mind—the name of Bishop Hare will always be remembered as the champion and protector of a race threatened with extinction by the advance of a stronger people. An analogous case, though of a lesser degree, is found in the work of the Reverend John Batchelor, D. D., among the Ainu of Japan, as described by Professor Morgan of the Imperial University of Hokkaido in this issue. Forty years ago Dr. Batchelor went out from the Church Missionary Society of London to work among these people, and he has remained there ever since, their teacher, doctor, priest and friend. He has found them to be a gentle, kindly people, of good intellectual ability and eager to hear the Gospel, but contact with a stronger race has spelled for them disaster. As in so many cases of a like nature, they have imbibed the bad and not the good from their conquerors. Dr. Batchelor has devoted his life to giving them the help of the religion of Christ. His name will go down to posterity with those of every clime and tongue who have given their all that even the least of His children might come to know Him.

MANY friends have come to the rescue of the Kearney Military Academy in response to the need caused by the recent fire. The sum needed has not all been secured, but it will be eventually, and it is hoped soon. Many unusual and interesting letters come to the Church Missions House. One that has lately been received from a Church-woman in the West has encouraged everyone who has read it. After saying that she had read in THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS of a fire at one of our missions she continued: "Having just lost my own house by fire, this need makes a particular appeal to me. Will you kindly forward the enclosed \$1,000 for me?" Surely such a gift bears interest in many ways; surely such a giver is truly generous. God bless her!

An Unusual Gift



THE SANCTUARY OF MISSIONS

O LOVING Father, God of
Might,
Protect Thy Servants in
their fight

With heathen darkness, sin and
shame,
And make them mighty in Thy
Name:

Teach them to lift their hearts
above,
To know and feel that Thou art
Love.

O Jesus, Saviour, Who hast borne
Toil, sorrow, loneliness and scorn,
Help Thou Thy Followers who
give
Their lives, that other souls may
live;
Thyself be with them all their
days
And fill their hearts with joy and
praise.

O Spirit, Strengtheners Divine,
Defend these Workers, they are
Thine;
Endue them from on high with
power
To meet with faith each trying
hour:
Guide them and help them to en-
dure,
As seeing Him, Whose Help is
sure.

O Holy Blessed Trinity,
Teach us to feel our unity
With these our Brethren, and to
bear
Their work and them on high in
prayer;
That so the World, from sin set
free,
May learn with joy to worship
Thee.

THANKSGIVINGS

WE thank Thee—
For the good example
of Thy servant William
Cleveland Hicks, so suddenly
called to lay down his earthly
work. (Page 278.)

For the service we are enabled
to render China through institu-
tions of higher learning. (Page
281.)

For the many opportunities of
doing good in the Isle of Pines.
(Page 289.)

For the work which has been
accomplished in Thy name among
the Ainu. (Page 295.)

For the faithful stewardship
of Thy servant Simeon J. M.
Brown. (Page 309.)

For the manner in which the
people of Liberia are striving to
educate the coming generation.
(Page 323.)



INTERCESSIONS

WE pray Thee—
To put it into the hearts
of more and more men to
volunteer for service in the ranks
of the Church's army. (Page
275.)

To bless the bishop of Colorado
and his clergy. (Page 291.)

To help the masses of China see
in Thee the Way, the Truth and
the Light, and to give us grace
to do our part in making Thy
Way known. (Page 313.)

To help those in authority
rectify the wrong which is being
done to those who are dependent
upon us. (Page 317.)



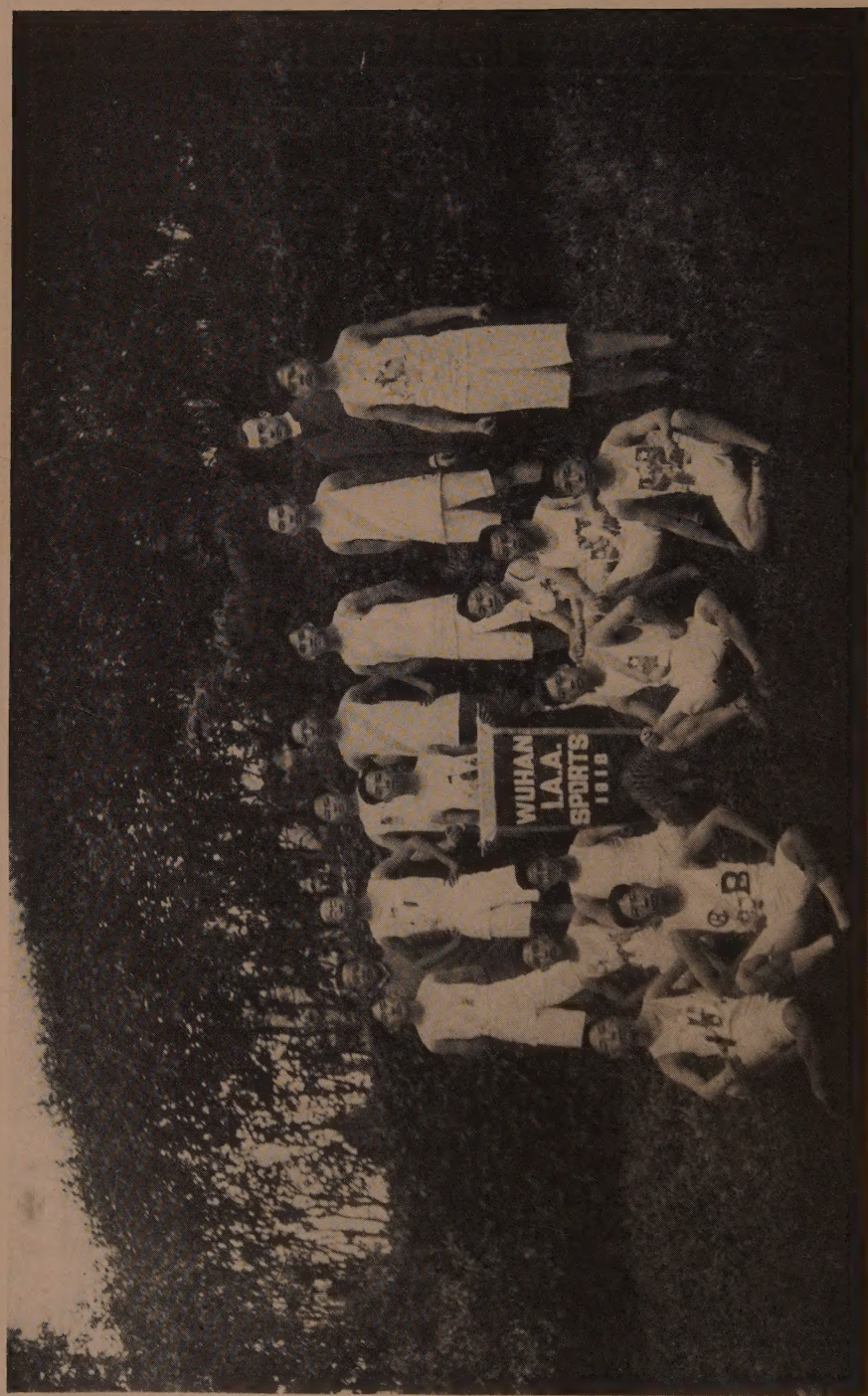
PRAYER

O GOD, the strength of all
those who put their trust
in Thee; Send Thy blessing
upon Thy servants who work
among the poor and needy. Fill
their hearts with a courage which
never falters, a patience which
never wearies, and a love which
never fails. Give them the con-
stant vision of Thy glorious king-
dom, and perseverance to attain
it; through Jesus Christ our Lord.
Amen.

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WINNERS OF THE WUHAN TRACK MEET



RELAY RACE AT HOME TRACK MEET

STUDENT LIFE AT BOONE UNIVERSITY

By George P. Foster

THE American Church Mission supports many institutions of learning in China, the largest and best known of which are Saint John's University in Shanghai and Boone University in Wuchang. The former is better known perhaps because it is situated in the most important seaport of China, while Boone is about six hundred miles up the Yangtze River. Wuchang, Hankow and Hanyang taken together form what is known as *Wu-Han* and is a center of great importance because it is located in such a position that it is connected with nearly all parts of central China by rail or water, thus forming an outlet for the native produce of this whole great district.

After a five days' trip up the river you arrive at Hankow. Wuchang is across the river and connection is maintained (on pleasant days) by *sampan* or launch. The latter is much quicker and requires less walking. The

launch lands you at the Hanyang Gate and from here you will have to take a twenty-minute ride in a *ricksha* to get to Boone. Wuchang is a typical Chinese city; the streets are narrow, dirty, smelly and crowded. There are no foreigners in this city except missionaries and teachers in government schools. There are five other missions at work among a population of some five hundred thousand inhabitants. Our biggest rival, as a school, is Wesley College situated outside the Big East Gate.

As you enter the gate of the Boone compound, on the right is Ingle Hall which is used for many purposes, such as dining-room, class rooms, assembly hall and dormitory for college students. On the left of the gate is Thomas Hall, used for class rooms and dormitories. In the back are three older buildings which form a quadrangle with Thomas Hall and have the same use. Directly in front of the gate and



HIGH JUMP, SPRING MEET, 1918



AT THE SPRING MEET, 1918



THE BOONE BAND PRACTICING

When the new civil governor of Hupeh arrived the Boone Band was asked to play at his welcoming

on the hill is the Administration Building (formerly Saint Hilda's School). The compound in its longest stretch is about a third of a mile and as you wander around you will find the Church of the Holy Nativity, Saint Paul's Divinity School, the Boy Scout Building, the Infirmary, the Library, and the homes of the foreign teachers. Our school and college are growing so large now that we are cramped for room and we hope soon to be able to buy a large piece of property behind the Divinity School so as to make room for more school buildings, scouts' playground and homes for some of the Chinese teachers.

Since you have some idea of the situation of the school, suppose we follow a day's schedule and see what the boys have to do:

At six-thirty in the morning the bell in Thomas Hall tower gives out a

good, long, lusty peal. This is the rising bell and carries with it all the feeling that every rising bell has. At seven it rings again and immediately you will hear all kinds of unearthly noises issuing from Ingle Hall, for they are having band practice. All the other members of the school are scattered to the four winds of the compound taking physical torture. Please do not criticise them too severely! These last until seven-twenty, when the students must get ready for chapel. They march in order to the church, which is pretty well filled up, for you must remember that we have more than four hundred students. After the service, which lasts about ten minutes, the boys have their breakfast. If you watch them while they eat you will wonder, from the way they shove the food into their mouths, why they do not all die of indigestion.



BOONE COMPOUND LOOKING TOWARD THE SCHOOL BUILDINGS



INGLE HALL, A MEMORIAL TO THE FIRST BISHOP OF HANKOW

All is quiet now until eight-thirty, when you will see those who have any sickness, fake or real, going to the Infirmary. The doctor will see them until nine o'clock. At eight-forty-five the bell rings again so that the students may get ready for their work, which begins at nine o'clock.

The hours of recitation are from nine until twelve and from one to four. In the lower forms most of the work is in Chinese, but as you come up through the forms you will find the number of Chinese hours diminishing until there are only eleven hours a week and even this is too much for the students. They would much rather have all their work in English. Their work covers all the subjects that are taught in the schools of the United States, but, of course, the work is much slower because they are doing practically all their studying in a language which is foreign to them. As it is, in my sixth form class I give about the same assignment that I would give in an American school. The students are divided into the same three

classes that occur in every school; namely, excellent, fair, failures. In the sixth form which graduated last June there were about ten failures out of a class of forty. To me one of the greatest mistakes that a newcomer makes in judging the work of his pupils is the fact that he disregards the idea he is teaching them in a language which is not their own.

The bell in the tower has struck four and there has been great yelling and shouting, for another day's work is over. If the weather is hot they will go to chapel, but during the cold months the service comes at six-thirty. I might mention here that the teachers are assigned seats in the church which they are expected to occupy and keep order among the boys in each section. Perhaps half of the boys are still non-Christians and so naturally want to spend the time for some other purpose. However, there is very little trouble.

The afternoons are divided. Monday, Wednesday and Friday are given to drill, band practice and scout work. This latter is one of the most important of the whole school and we are



BOONE UNIVERSITY WITH THE LIBRARY IN THE FOREGROUND

proud of the fact that we have the first troop of Chinese Boy Scouts. The band is composed of some forty instruments and is so well trained that it is invited to play at special functions in Hankow. Recently when the new civil governor of Hupeh arrived the band was asked to play at his welcoming. I wish that you readers might have been with us Thanksgiving Day last year. The president of China also appointed that as the day for the celebration of the Armistice. The streets were all beautifully decorated and so at night all the people came out to see the sights. We had been over to the American Consulate in Hankow that afternoon and when we arrived back found that the city gates were locked. We finally got them opened and when we saw the blaze of lights, candles, lanterns and bunting we could not keep still. The streets were so packed that it was almost impossible to get through them. But with

the band there was no difficulty and those students certainly did themselves justice that night with their playing as they came along those crowded streets.

What we would like best of all, perhaps, is some one to take charge of the drill. At present it is so uninteresting that the boys seek to avoid it as much as possible and on as many excuses as possible. If you could talk to the resident physician I am sure that he would tell you that the Chinese boys are as ingenious as American youths in finding excuses to get out of doing things that they do not like.

Tuesday and Thursday are free afternoons; Saturday is a half-holiday, when the students may have guests. On the free afternoons we have football practice in the fall and winter; in the spring, tennis and preparation for the Home and Wu-Han Track Meets. Tennis is played whenever possible. Football (English game)



BOONE BOY SCOUTS ON PARADE

and tennis are the two most popular games, although others have been provided. Saturday afternoon is the only time when match games can be played with other schools and clubs in this center. The boys are pretty good sports and take the loss of a game very well. At present there is no gymnasium, but the Alumni Association has collected a sufficient sum for it and the work will probably be started in the near future. This gymnasium is to take the form of a memorial to the late Dr. James Jackson, president of Boone for twenty years.

At seven in the evening comes the time for the preparation of the work for the morrow. At nine-thirty the period is over and fifteen minutes later lights are out. The college students are allowed lights until ten-thirty. Then quiet reigns unless some of the students start a rough-house.

Thus you have seen how the boys live and work at Boone. I have not laid stress upon their other activities. They have their societies, such as the Useful Knowledge Society, which tends to promote public speaking and

use of English among the college students. Recently a Camera Club has been formed for the purpose of taking, developing and printing pictures. This fall they have started a *Student Weekly*, which they publish without any help whatever from the faculty and which now has a circulation of about twelve hundred copies. Every holiday there is a play in Stokes Hall, Library Building, and in this they seem to excel. Each fellow seems to be a natural-born actor. They write, direct and stage the plays themselves. To be sure, the manuscript is read over by some member of the faculty so that the performance will be able to pass the "Board of Censorship". At Christmas-time there is a "stunt night" in which every department and class is expected to perform—and this is also the only time that the teachers lose their dignity before the students.

Although the boys have long hours, hard work and plenty of it, yet if you were here you would find them a happy and contented crowd and of such a character that you would not want to go back to America but stay here and *work*.



IN THE ISLE OF PINES, CUBA



NUEVA GERONA, CAPITAL OF THE ISLE OF PINES

THE CHURCH ON THE ISLE OF PINES

By the Reverend W. H. Decker

In writing of "A Trip *de Luxe* in Cuba" in the March issue of THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS, Archdeacon Steel, in referring to Mr. Decker, said one might "hustle with a hustler" in going about the Isle of Pines with the busy missionary who cares for the many institutions connected with his missions there. The following vivid picture comes from Mr. Decker himself and gives details which the archdeacon could not include in his general account.

A FEW weeks ago I received a letter addressed to "The Bishop of The Isle of Pines", and as I was the only person within a hundred miles that came anywhere near answering that description, the "Post Master General" of the island handed me the letter. It reminded me of the time when I left my country home to go away to school to "study for a bishop". Fortified by the flattery of the Ladies' Aid and the assurance of my class leader that I possessed the "makins", I made my way into the world in the spirit of a conqueror. The class leader had heard me "exhort" and seemed very proud of his product. Little did he, or I, realize how little opportunity I would have to display my talents or how much exhortation I would have to listen to in the next few years from teachers far less sympathetic than he.

Dear old man! I was actually ashamed to meet him, when after many years, I kicked over the traces and became an "Episcopal" with the accent on the "co". However, to have nice ladies address one as "bishop" when writing, and have well-meaning people call one "doctor" is ample compensation for the isolation one has to endure as missionary in the Isle of Pines.

This is too short an article in which to give a history of the work on the island. We will simply state that the first recorded baptismal service was in 1904, since which time there have been sixty-three baptisms. The first confirmation service was in 1906, since which time thirty-four persons have been confirmed. As to equipment, we have a rectory and four churches, all free from debt. There have been as high as eighty communicants at one

The Church on the Isle of Pines

time, but there are not half that number here now. Nevertheless, we have had nine baptisms during the last year and congregations have nearly maintained their average. The value of the work lies in the fact that children are prepared for confirmation before they go to the States to school; that Church people are kept in line while they are here, be they settlers or tourists, and that a great number of people have an opportunity to become acquainted with the Church.

The work in the Isle of Pines is scattered over the whole island and requires much travel. The only means of getting around here is by automobile, unless one prefers to use a horse or walk, but one would have some difficulty in making seventy miles and holding three services in one day, as I frequently do. So I have an automobile; anyway, that is what it is sometimes called. It is otherwise known as a "Tin Lizzie". And it goes! And it keeps right on going, except when it runs out of gasoline, as it did the last time the bishop was here. It was most embarrassing. We were within two miles of the rectory and we knew that a good supper was waiting for us and that a large congregation would soon assemble. Luckily a good Cuban friend came along in another *Ford* and took us home. We also make our parish calls in this car, and as our people are scattered over about one thousand square miles, and gasoline is costly, we sometimes wish that our work was more compact.

My work here is very much like the work of the chaplain of a permanent Army post. First of all come the Church people who settle here and those who come and go, but if it stopped at that I would be a very lonesome man. As a matter of fact, my work is among all kinds of people and I baptize, marry and bury ten who are not of the Church to one who is, and one-half the baptisms and marriages are among West Indian Negroes.

" Aside from the purely Church responsibilities, I am first vice-president of the island Red Cross organization, which numbers about three hundred. I am also sadly mixed up in local commercial club and school affairs, and during the last year have written the editorials for our local paper, *The Isle of Pines Appeal*. Please do not think me vain; I mention these things to show what a variety of things one can find to do in a frontier place like this.

I shall be very glad when things are again normal and living expenses are within reach of my purse. However, necessity drives us to some things which perhaps we should have thought of before. For instance, we now keep a goat and this helps to solve the milk question to the extent of a quart and a half a day. I am glad that I was taught the noble art of milking when I was a boy. Needless to say, I am industriously teaching my young son the same art as well as how to use a hoe. We have a garden which if it prospers as it ought will help considerably. We borrowed some land and are now growing tomatoes, eggplant, peppers, sweet potatoes, yucca, squash, corn, peanuts and other small vegetables. We also have a fine flock of chickens and if we can succeed in raising their feed they will be a great help.

While this is in Cuba, the island is like some parts of our great West, so far as Americans are concerned. The most of the land is owned by Americans and American conditions obtain very largely. We live in absolute peace with our Cuban neighbors and if you could have seen the Cuban demonstration the day after the armistice was signed you would have realized that they thoroughly appreciate the efforts of America in freeing them from the menace of the Hun.

Americans here are helping to lay the foundation of a better civilization, and the part of the Church in this work is too obvious to need very much comment.



SAINT PAUL'S CHURCH, MONTROSE, COLORADO

The picture of the chancel shows many of the gifts from parishes in the East with which Saint Paul's has been enriched

A CHURCH CONVERSION CAMPAIGN IN WESTERN COLORADO

By the Reverend Willeston M. Ford

SAINT PAUL'S CHURCH is a substantial looking building on the main street of Montrose, Colorado. The town has grown fast, and our neighbor churches with it; but Saint Paul's has not grown, and the reason is simply this—the Church at large did not care enough about it. Saint Paul's had to grow up the best it could, like Topsy. So, after fourteen years of standing on Main Street, Saint Paul's was still standing by the way-side needing help.

A year ago last Advent the big prayerful missionary Church took hold. In the first place She sent an ordained man, young in years, where he was needed most—where the Church was weak and yet able to be strong. We at once planned a "church conversion campaign"—to convert Saint Paul's in appearance and in spirit before another Advent came.

Ten communicants in New England, who really believed in the missionary

life of the Church, each spared ten dollars to start our campaign. This enabled us to go ahead and inspired us with life.

Our great practical need was for some kind of a choir room. Fortunately the church building afforded us more room than we could use, leaving a vacant space behind the pews in the rear of the church. We decided to make this vacant space into a choir room. A partition, with simple Gothic arches for each aisle, was constructed across the back of the church behind the last pews; the upper part of this partition was made of green burlap stretched tight between rods. At right angles to the partition we hung draw curtains of the same green material. This converted half the original vacant space into a choir room; the other half served as an entrance way. Meanwhile a girls' choir was organized and took great interest in their room, and soon we had a place cur-

A Church Conversion Campaign in Western Colorado



THE IMPROVED CHANCEL

The chancel rail was a gift from friends in Chicago and New York

tained off for vestments, a rug, a mirror and an electric heater—our only extravagance. When complete it all made a very Churchly appearance, due largely to the Gothic arches.

We were then encouraged to improve the chancel, which was just a wide bare platform. A partition in the form of arches filled in with beaver board was built into each corner of the chancel, making two small rooms with a doorway. One of these rooms we fitted up as a sacristy—with the organ fitting into a recess. The other made us a robing room for the clergy. This improvement necessitated cutting our two choir pews in half, and dividing them on each side of the chancel. The old clergy robing room, reached by a door, was a kind of outhouse stuck on the outside and looked very badly; this was taken down and a pair of latticed steps made a clergy entrance through the new robing room.

By this time the Church people of Montrose were interested and giving toward the fund, which doubled and trebled. This was fortunate, as we received what might be called a blow under the belt. Our church foundations showed signs of giving way, and had to be reinforced with concrete,

which took eighty dollars of our precious fund.

But Easter was triumphant. We had six Easter gifts. First, an old red curtain, suggestive of footlights, was replaced by a new chancel rail, given by Saint Paul's, Chicago, and two communicants of Trinity Chapel, New York. Second, a national flag and a service flag were given by our own people. Third, a dossal of rich soft material was bought for us by someone who might well be called the angel of the church—not in Philadelphia, but in New York. Fourth, inspired by the angel, a devoted Churchwoman sent a perfectly exquisite piece of embroidery for altar use. Fifth, we were furnished with a pair of good brass candlesticks by another communicant whom the angel inspired. And, sixth, we received two handsome sets of altar books from a Churchwoman in Boston. So our Easter was full of sunshine, as is plain on the faces of the choir, photographed after service on Easter Day.

The result is a church with a very devotional atmosphere—Churchly and artistic. The difference in the church is an unconscious influence all the time. It has attracted people to our monthly Quiet Days of silent devotion,



THE CONVERTED CHOIR ROOM

Made from vacant space at rear of church by the aid of a partition



THE CHOIR ON EASTER MORNING

meditation and prayer; and it has led people to join our league for reading a chapter of the Bible every day.

And yet our crowning gift did not come until Whitsunday. The children of Saint James's Church School, Lancaster, Pa., wanted to lay the cornerstone of a Church School out here; so they gave us a beautiful font of oak, gracefully designed. Our children are going to write each month and report the progress of our Church School. Then, last of all, early in August came a credence shelf, very much needed, simple but most artistically carved, a lovely addition to our sanctuary worship—the gift of

Saint Paul's Cathedral, Boston, to Saint Paul's in the West.

So the missionary story runs. The cost has been far from large—only \$500 altogether—including paint and stopping cracks, which let in colonies of wasps and flies. It has not taken much money. It has only taken the real missionary spirit of about twenty people. And every one of our million communicants would be inspired with the same spirit if they only knew the need and the wonderful results. For the results are unending. We have been given the great gift of enthusiasm and life—the result here has been the conversion of a church in the West.



POUNDING MOCHI

Note in this, and other pictures in this article, the characteristic embroidery on the robes of both men and women. The Ainu are famous for this handiwork



THREE AINU CHIEFS

A VACATION TRIP IN AINU-LAND

By John B. Morgan

Mr. Morgan is Professor of English in the Imperial University at Hokkaido, Japan. In company with the Reverend Dr. Batchelor, the veteran missionary of the Anglican Church among the Ainu, he traveled among these primitive and kindly people, the remnant of a race which was once all-powerful in Japan. The *SPIRIT OF MISSIONS* is indebted to Professor Morgan and Dr. Batchelor for this account of their experiences, and for the excellent pictures which accompanied it.

SO much is being said at this time about the small peoples of the earth coming into their own in the final adjustment of boundaries, that any remnant of a race is interesting, even though it be one that has never seemingly done anything for the world. If it be true that "each race has its place and its use in the world", and that the race which succeeds will be that which has "the best idea of life", then no doubt the Ainu have, as a race, given their all at some remote age, for their place and use in the world seem to have about run their course.

A vacation trip into Ainu-land raises many questions in one's mind as to the dwindling away of a once powerful people, for here, on the rim of this northern island, we see this actually taking place. In Hokkaido, on the island of Yezo—the most northerly province of Japan—is now located the remnant of the Ainu or so-called "Hairy Race". They are probably descended from a widely dispersed people in Asia who left their Siberian kindred, crossed the narrow straits into northern Japan, and gradually worked their way southward until they occupied the whole of Japan.

A Vacation Trip in Ainu-Land

When the Yamato race, coming from the south and west, entered Japan, a long and bloody struggle began which ended in the complete defeat and subjugation of the Ainu. Driven slowly back northward, century after century, stubbornly disputing every step of the way, they were finally forced across the Tsugaru Strait into Yezo. Here they were left in peace for many generations, as this cold, barren country was not considered a desirable dwelling place for the conquerors. Reduced in numbers, cowed in spirit and crushed beyond all hope of ever being able to gain a foothold upon the main island, these simple people lost all their energy. For ages the undisputed possessors of the whole of Japan, they are now confined to a score or so of villages in Hokkaido.

The Ainu, never civilized, have degenerated by contact with a civilization from which they absorbed much of the bad and but little of the good. Many causes have contributed to the extermination or almost extermination of this once hardy race; wars with the Japanese, when the Ainu were often the aggressors; wars between clans or tribes, which often resulted in great destruction of life; ignorance of all the laws of sanitation; diseases unknown to them in their uncivilized state; consanguineous marriages, which have been very common. At present the greatest mortality is due to that dread disease, consumption, which is rapidly taking toll of both young and old.

One summer morning we found ourselves on board a small coasting steamer coming into the village of Bempei on the shore of Volcano Bay. All was hurry and bustle and excitement, for the schools of sardines were coming in. The fishermen with loud cries were rowing out around the shoals of fish and throwing out their nets as they rowed. The bystanders, men, women and children, were gathered on the shore lending a hand, help-

ing to draw in the nets with songs and shouts and laughter. It was an exciting time when the nets were drawn in with bushels of the finny tribe. Then came children with baskets to pick up the fish that had fallen by the way, as the gleaners of old gathered up the scattered grain.

After landing we held a service attended by about twenty-five Ainu. It was an inspiring scene to see these bright-faced people, sitting upon their feet and with faces lifted, drinking in every word that was said by Dr. Batchelor. Earnest, responsive, attentive, apparently with souls full of the Spirit, they squatted through the entire service without a murmur. This was in a one-time Ainu village which is now a Japanese village with an Ainu fringe of perhaps less than one hundred.

All of those present, not Christians, handed in their names as seekers, and a number of names of those not present were sent in. The field seems ready for the harvest but the workers are few and many must be neglected. At all places visited we found the Ainu interested in Christianity, anxious to learn about Jesus of Nazareth and begging for us to come again. It seems too bad that for lack of funds, and because these people are so few and so unimportant, they should be neglected.

In the interior of this northern island are a few Ainu who spend their time in hunting, in wood-carving and in growing a few vegetables in their small truck gardens, but by far the greater number live by the sea and eke out their scant living in fishing. They are a quiet, gentle race, wholly devoid of great emotions or sentiment, but possessing very deep religious qualities or superstitions. The idea of a place for spirits seems very strongly implanted in all of them, whether they be Christian or not.

On one of the days we spent at the village of Usu, we saw from early



NEAR THE END OF LIFE'S JOURNEY

Note the difference in the man's features from the Japanese type. The large earrings and beads worn by the woman are much-prized heirlooms



USU BAY



USU VOLCANO

Ainu tradition says that its eruptions destroyed only wicked villages



AINU WOMAN GATHERING SEAWEED



AN AINU VILLAGE SCHOOL



AN AINU VILLAGE ON USU BAY
In the foreground are Ainu houses. Japanese houses may be seen on the shore of the bay



A GROUP OF AINU GIRLS



A LAY WORKER

The young man, a graduate of our Saint Paul's College, Tokyo, is now working among our own people under Dr. Batchelor. The young woman is well educated, a licensed Buddhist nun who is at present employed in our Tokyo mission because Dr. Batchelor cannot provide her support.



A BIBLE-WOMAN



A COMMUNITY HOUSE OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY
The Japanese have no gathering places of their own, and therefore no community life.



AINU WOMEN WEAVING MATTING

The woman at the left shows a good example of the tattooing on the upper lip which has been characteristic of this race. The custom is now dying out among the Christianized Ainu



A CHRISTIAN AINU FAMILY

Note the tattooing which gives the effect of a mustache on the mother's face

morning until dark great numbers of these people going to the cemetery carrying flowers, food and drink to be placed on the graves as offerings to their dead, who are supposed to return in spirit at this time each year. Formerly the foodstuffs were all uncooked, but now many of them follow the Japanese custom and take a portion of cooked foods, as rice, string beans, potatoes, etc.; but cucumbers and other uncooked foods are used in plenty. On the graves are seen cooking utensils and various kinds of articles used in farming or fishing, such as scythes, hoes, oars, etc. These are thought to be useful on the journey to *Kamuikutan*, "Place of the Gods".

A highly educated Ainu woman said to me, "The Place of the Gods is very real to Ainu. The dipper that you see on the grave will be needed on long

journey. You know, perhaps, he come to beautiful spring and need dipper. Then you see—what you call? Sickle? Perhaps he come to tall grass, then all right he cut path. Yes, *Kamuikutan* very real to Ainu."

Their burial customs resemble somewhat those of some tribes of American Indians. The body in olden times was wrapped in a mat and straightway buried secretly, some belongings of the deceased being placed in the grave to be used on the long journey or in the new home. Dr. Batchelor tells of an instance at the close of a burial service he conducted, when a friend of the deceased approached the grave and threw in the crutches with the remark that they might still be needed. If a young woman died unmarried, some male attire or possession would be placed in the grave in



LENDING A HAND TO DRAW IN THE NETS ON THE SHORE OF VOLCANO BAY



THE AUTHOR AND AN AINU CHIEF

order to save her from any unnecessary embarrassment which the fact of her still being single might cause.

The language of the Ainu is of the Aryan family and shows signs of an extensive development. The men remind one much of Russian peasants. They have wavy black hair and very full beards, as will be seen from the accompanying pictures. The Ainu women have followed the custom of tattooing the face and hands and wrists from ancient times, though now it is being discouraged as much as possible, so at present one seldom sees a young woman that has the tattoo marks. That on the face—on the lip just under the nose—was begun when the child was very small, and completed at betrothal,—a sort of engagement ring, as it were. That on the hands and wrists was formerly a family or clan insignia. One idea was that they might distinguish a relative or a member of the clan by these marks, here and in *Kamuikutan*.

Formerly each clan or district had its own peculiar design or style, but later the most artistic design suited to special features might be chosen, so that now various styles are seen in any village. In the older women it is very large on both the upper and lower lip and extends almost from ear to ear. Some say it is for beauty but others say it is for recognition in the future life.

No discussion of the Ainu can be made without closely associating it with Dr. Batchelor. He has been their friend and benefactor for more than forty years and is still interested in them as is no other man. They are his children, his friends and his companions, and, also, his inspiration.

When he went to them more than forty-two years ago to work as a missionary, he had first to reduce their language to writing, using the Roman alphabet, to find out and arrange the grammar, make a dictionary, translate the New Testament, make a hymn-

A Vacation Trip in Ainu-Land



AN AINU BIBLE-WOMAN

book, translate the Prayer Book, etc. It was a Herculean task, but it was done for the glory of God and His cause and he was happy in it. It was no easy task to be sure. At that time there were no Christians among the Ainu, and, although there are not more than eight hundred now, he has baptized about 2,000 since the beginning of his work. His heart is with his people and he has faith to believe that the means will be provided to extend the ministrations of the Church among them.

It has been asserted by some that the Ainu cannot be educated. It is true that he has not been, but the failure has been due more to lack of opportunity than want of ability. Dr. Batchelor has found them the equal of the Japanese in mental power. Four Ainu men—one a graduate of Saint Paul's College, Tokyo—and two women are now working among their

own people under Dr. Batchelor's direction. Another fully-educated, licensed Bible-woman is at work under Bishop McKim because Dr. Batchelor has no funds for her support.

The following incident of our trip shows some result of Dr. Batchelor's teaching: During several nights we were very much disturbed by the crying of a baby just across the street. A Japanese mother-in-law—who rules the daughter-in-law with a rod of iron—had seized her prerogative and sent her son's wife home, leaving the fifty days' old baby behind. An Ainu woman, a Christian, heard the pitiful cries of the baby for several nights and finally made up her mind to go over and remonstrate with the mother-in-law. She said in speaking of her visit: "I, an Ainu, can not understand such thing. An Ainu mother must always hold her baby." Holding her arms out and clasping them to her bosom, the tears wetting her long eyelashes, she continued: "They think I know nothing, but I do know my heart ache for dear baby and poor mother, so I must tell them. I could not sleep last night, baby cry, cry! So I get up. I go tell. I happier now."

One day while on the beach of an Ainu village we heard at intervals the loud cries of a little child. On investigation we saw a little naked fellow sitting on the wet beach with his back to the sea trying to build a house in the sand. His cries broke forth in injured wrath each time the waves broke over his ideal piece of workmanship. One smiles at such an incident, but it is symbolical of the wail of his people centuries ago when they first felt the merciless waves of the Yamato race wash over them, completely destroying their houses, their hopes, their all. These people were strong in their primitive way; their lamp of life burned brightly for a time, but unless it be rekindled by the Light of the World, the race will soon be enveloped in darkness.



CHURCH OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD AND PARISH HOUSE, COOLEEMEE

IN THE SOUTHERN PIEDMONT

By The Reverend Theodore Andrews

It was hoped that this appreciation of the life work of a faithful soldier of Christ would appear in his lifetime. But this was not to be; after this article was in type word was received at the Missions House that Mr. Brown had passed to his rest. Mr. Brown had but two charges in his ministry of twenty-three years. The last fourteen years of his life had been spent in and around Cooleemee, where his memory is blessed.

I SUPPOSE every reader of THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS knows that two of the most important branches of our work in the South are the missions in cotton-mill towns and those in the country districts. Probably only a few, however, realize that often one man has to minister to congregations of both kinds. Yet it would be difficult to find a field where more has been accomplished with limited means than in the Cooleemee group of missions. Here, in the Piedmont section of North Carolina, rather off from the beaten track, the Reverend Simeon

J. M. Brown has for many years been quietly and effectively laboring among country people and mill workers, bringing to them the strengthening and enlightening influences of the historic Church. I want to offer this little tribute to him, especially since through his age and bodily weakness he must perforce soon hand over the work to others.

The variety of problems which this faithful servant of Christ has had to face would seem complex even for a clergyman with seminary education and city training; but when we realize

In the Southern Piedmont

that he did not enter the ministry till past fifty years of age, and then simply to labor as a deacon, we get a glimpse of sturdy and continual consecration which humbles us.

Reared on a farm only a few miles from the field of his present work, the descendant of some of the first settlers in this region, Mr. Brown was prepared by his Lutheran training for the order of the Church's ways. There, too, his natural taste for music found its highest expression; for during many years he was a singing teacher, riding in regular circuit in season and out of season to hold classes in school house and country chapel, or in the mill villages nearby. Many of the earlier classes learned the old pentatonic scale—C, D, E, G, A. The music composed in this scale has a mournful yet appealing quality which leaves a profound impression on all who have ever heard it.

From the farm and the singing class Mr. Brown went to the Salisbury cotton mill as a weaver. It was there that that remarkable priest, the late Dr. Francis Murdoch, found him, and, guiding him into the ministry, gained his energy and resourcefulness for the work of the Church.

Let us visit the heart of this group of missions, Cooleemee mill village. Here on the South Yadkin River, where the roar of the waterfall mingles with the hum of thousands of spindles and the rattle of hundreds of looms, nestles the town on the tree-covered ridges. It has thus a charm rare among cotton-mill towns; and the bright flowers in the tiny gardens—Mr. Brown says you can tell our Church people's places by the profusion of flowers about them!—light up the corners where the sunlight filters down through the oaks. Of course, then, there is a lovely little flower-garden in front of the "rectory", which is simply one of the mill houses. Nearby, under the oak trees, shines the honest white face of the

Church of the Good Shepherd. This was the first place of worship built on the "hill"; and it has ever since been a light-bearer to the community.

Back of the church building you can see in the picture the new parish house. With but little outside help, the congregation has built and paid for this very simple yet suitable little building at a cost of \$1,000. To the "Saint Agnes's Guild" of the women of the church is due the carrying out of the long series of efforts which have been crowned in the completion of the building; though, five years ago, when one devoted woman—now passed to her reward—first saw the vision, even the Church people said, "What do *we* want with a parish house for our few members?"

But "wisdom is justified of her children". The Sunday-school, nearly one hundred strong, needs every room of the four. The Junior Auxiliary claims the hall for meetings and social evenings; so do the boy scouts, recently organized; so do the women of the Auxiliary and the Guild; so do the children for the Christmas and Easter entertainments. There is plenty of use at all times for the well-appointed little kitchen, which was given its first warming at the "thank you" reception tendered by the congregation to the friends in Cooleemee and elsewhere who had helped make the building a reality.

The Girls' Friendly Society does not regularly meet in the parish house, but on "neutral ground" in a large room over the company store down the street—for the seventy-five girls of this branch represent every religious organization in the place. As you are reading these lines, perhaps, many a girl of the Cooleemee G. F. S. is making her rounds up and down the long aisles of the spinning room at the mill, her deft fingers catching up many a loose thread on the four to eight "sides" that she runs from daylight till dark. But perhaps that

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familiar pin she wears at her work calls to her mind her comradeship in that great family of girls all over the world; perhaps it brings back to her the happy days at the seashore last year at the Wilmington Holiday House, where a score of these girls heard the roar of the breakers for two weeks instead of the whir of the machinery; or perhaps the hum of the wheels sings into her brain the words of the Friendly pledge and its upward calling, the hymns and the services of the meetings. If the Church had done nothing for Cooleemee but to bring to it the uplift and the idealism of the Girls' Friendly Society, its presence would have been abundantly worth while.

No one would be more ready than Mr. Brown to acknowledge how much he owes to his good laymen and women; and thinking of them, one's mind at once turns to his faithful lay-reader. When for a time Mr. Brown was unable through illness to make the long trips into the country, it was he who drove out the old missionary horse "Prince"—or, weather permitting, his own dependable "Ford",—and filled the regular appointments, coming back for a night service at Cooleemee, thus securing for the people a service every week. During the long up-hill pull to get the parish house built, it was he and his wife who inspired all with their unfailing enthusiasm and energy. But this is a congregation where everybody is a worker; and in the choir, the Junior work, the Girls' Friendly and Sunday-school entertainments, how much interest and happiness have not these willing, cheery people brought into a community almost destitute of amusements for its young people!

A missionary's country congregations always have a large place in his heart. Let us visit two of them with Mr. Brown.

To reach Christ Church, Cleveland, you cannot take advantage of the fine



THE REVEREND SIMEON J. M. BROWN

new roads that radiate from Cooleemee like the spokes of a wheel; you must cross from one to the other, on farm-track, or wood-way, or twisty by-road having none but the natural grading,—a toilsome nine miles in muddy spring or frosty winter. Finally you come out on the macadam of the Statesville road, and soon see on a wooded knoll the large plain structure of old Christ Church, barnlike in outline, yet unmistakable, with the Cross at its gable.

Nearly a century ago, Bishop Ravenscroft, making the first visitation ever held in the western part of his four-hundred-mile long (and railroadless) diocese, found here amid Lutheran and Presbyterian neighbors a large settlement of Churchmen recently come from Maryland. They had just finished their new church building, which took the place of a primitive oratory of logs; and at the service of consecration over sixty people received the rite of confirma-

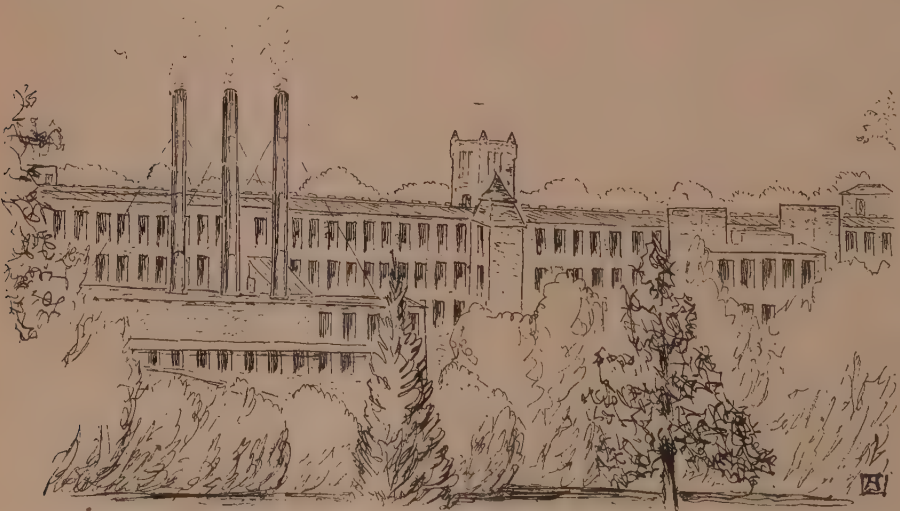
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tion. Doubtless the diocese has never since seen a larger confirmation class, but old Christ Church exhibits an even greater vigor than in her early days. With a band of well-trained Church people, a large and enthusiastic Sunday-school, and the hearty singing and responses at services, which to this congregation really mean a source of strength for the daily work of the farm and the home, this stands for the best type of country church. It was the first rural church in this part of the diocese to adopt the Every Member Canvass for the missionary budget; and it has, with the adjoining congregation of Saint Andrew's, Woodleaf, given seven men to the ministry. Many of the older members of Christ Church attended a school kept by the mysterious "Peter Ney", who was believed by many to have really been Marshal Ney of Napoleon's army, supposedly shot but spirited away to America; to the late Reverend James A. Weston, who wrote a book on the subject, the proof of this identity was certain.

Our other journey with Mr. Brown takes us northward over the red hills and dales of Davie County, to Ascension Church—the newest of our rural congregations.

This mission owes its existence to the faithful work of two sisters living on the great plantation of "Cooleemee" nearby—the plantation which gave its name to the mill town. For many years a little Sunday-school had been conducted on the place for the children of the colored tenants; then a work was started for white children in a store at "Fork", the cross-roads village nearby. Now the congregation worships in a neat little church building, while the Sunday-school and the Girls' Friendly Society meet in the "parish house", which is a large low-ceiled room over a store. Although in the midst of a community where feeling towards the Church and her ways is hardly yet really cordial, these organizations and the mission which they serve have flourished. Especially is this true of the Sunday-school; in fact, in all of these missions the total number of Sunday-school pupils is almost twice the number of communicants.

The life and labors of this faithful servant of Christ have been a powerful influence for good throughout this entire countryside. Let us not, in this time of his weakness, suffer a work so unselfishly rendered to his Master to fall to the ground.



THE RACIAL RUT

By Alfred Newbery

HAVE you ever been aroused to concern by observing that one of your friends seemed to be losing his force — growing despondent and moody, less his old self, less intimate with you—without your being able to put your finger on even the slightest cause? Let us imagine a reason:

He has made a mistake which for a combination of reasons he did not immediately rectify. Perhaps it was a piece of carelessness that made him guilty of disloyalty to someone dear. Perhaps it was the contraction of some bad habit which has been slowly poisoning his inner life and destroying its integrity. Professor Fosdick covers the field when he speaks of "cherished evils dimly recognized as wrong, but unsundered; lax carelessness in conduct, or deliberate infidelity to conscience, sins whose commission we deplore, but whose results we cling to and desire." At any rate, whatever it was, it produced the condition you began to notice and about which you became anxious.

The first effect of his error, let us call it, was a healthy reaction in him. The idea of it repelled him. He did not want to consider it as part of him. And yet, in his weakness, he did not take the immediate steps necessary to extirpate it. Perhaps the effort called for involved too great a fall in pride. He dallied with it. The longer he waited, the more he scorned his pusillanimity in waiting and the clearer it became that others would despise him for the same reason, if he told all. As he pictured how they would regard it he was overcome with the misery of the state into which he had drifted, and began to pity himself. He told himself how all this had made him suffer, how wretched it had made his life, how it invaded his every thought,

made tranquillity an impossibility and hindered his sleep. Thus he was able to draw a little satisfaction from the idea that at least he was not so bad as to feel no compunction. He was half aware at the same time, that this self-pity was itself not admirable and could not serve to lift him in the world's estimation. So the more he pitied himself, the more was he obliged to raise some sort of barrier against outside opinion, even in his own mind. That led him into a hostility toward the world which increased his moral isolation. It was then that he began to draw away from you. He admired and envied your normal balance and disliked you for its tacit rebuke to himself. He felt that you would be unable to sympathize with him; that in fact no other person could. In the eyes of others he would be a monstrosity, a repellent species of perversion. His condition was unique. Being thus thrown back upon himself, he became moody and self-despondent. Despondency induced recklessness, in which he cast responsibility to the winds and committed some overt offence which in calmer moments he rued bitterly. This could but make him more despondent. And thus the vicious circle started and he traveled the descending spiral into the abyss of morbidity.

I have said he was aware that people would pass rather a severe judgment upon him, if they knew all. But he did not feel the justice of that. He felt less a sinner than one who has a false start. He liked to comfort himself with the dream that some day in the future, as yet undetermined but surely coming, something would happen which would enable him to wipe the slate clean and begin anew. He would not have to explain. He would

The Racial Rut

just step back into a place beside his friends and work with them in wholesome companionship and take a man's part in life. But the fallacy in this noble dream worked him greater harm. He counted on that day, and as it was to have no part of his present condition, everything he did in the present was temporary. All incentive, then, to present effort disappeared. He withheld the strength of his right arm. That was when you observed his slacking. He perhaps anticipated your wonder and it contributed to his despondency and made his descent by so much the faster.

Let us further suppose that this condition has lasted so long that at the present time it would be a difficult matter for him to name the act or thought which began it. He has so long ignored the initial cause, or so vigorously tried to explain it away, or it has become so covered over with other consequent omissions and commissions that its existence is no longer real to him.

But what we most desire to have noticed is just that state, when the original cause has been forgotten. At this stage we find him a quivering, sensitive soul, suffering intensely but so obsessed by his state that he is unapproachable. He inevitably hardens and forms some sort of crust over the fires within. He tries hard not to perceive that anything is wrong and clings to his morbidity and self-justification. He knows that if he once faced the truth, it would make him writhe in agony compared to which his present suffering is nothing. He cannot see beyond that agony or think of it as anything but destructive. The idea that the truth would make him free is meaningless to him. He would say that the truth would make him naked. It would leave him defenseless. For there has grown up along with everything else a feeling almost of satisfaction with his misery. He rolls it under his tongue as a sweet morsel. Indeed

his misery is the only thing which allows him to tolerate himself. In the end it is difficult to say whether his horror at the state into which he has fallen is not surpassed by his dread of giving it up. It is all he has, it is his only consolation. Of himself, he cannot see that he must give up even that. So he remains in the rut. It is hard to bear but he is becoming accustomed to its lines. It is an abnormal existence, he knows, but it is his world now and he stifles every rebellious feeling that tries to push him out of it, because out of it he would be helpless, facing unknown dangers. He prefers the known.

Is it too much to say that this experience is in varying degrees common to all of us? Have we not all acted that way, some of us in respect to small things and others in respect to things of greater significance? If we have not gone the whole way, do we not at least recognize parts of the path?

The object of this paper is to describe this not merely as an experience common to individuals but as a racial experience. There is a race which, to the writer's mind, is in such a rut, whatever may be the original cause. It dares not move from its accustomed path for fear of the unknown. The larger part of it is submerged in serfdom. Ignorance, superstitious, poverty, oppression, disease, sin, hang over the heads of this people like a poisonous gas—and no man dares lift his head to breathe the fresh air higher up. He doubts if there be any fresh air higher up. More probably it is another more poisonous gas. So he bows his head to the inevitable and stifles every thought of revolt. He fears change because it threatens greater suffering. The truth of his miserable condition must, at times, illuminate the sordid room of his spirit and urge the pent up aspirations to burst forth. But such experiences leave him afraid of their repetition

The Racial Rut

and in disapproval of their tendencies. Better the rut than the unknown. So he shakes his head when you talk to him about the higher truth that will make him free. It might apply to you but not to him. Bitter experience of his own, reinforced by centuries of ancestors like himself, have made his feeling for the rut and his fear of change, instincts. He and his fellows are engaged in a friendly conspiracy, begun ages ago, to cover over the evidences of their bitter lot. To endure gracefully has come to be the ideal, and an elaborate institution of customs, designed to save everybody from facing disagreeable truths, has grown up and holds the country in an iron grip. Everything must be according to these customs or the people will recoil from it in fear. These customs have defined the limit of knowledge, the objects of worship, the social conventions which are compatible with the configurations of the rut. The dignity of these people is heroic, their endurance magnificent, and one stands aghast at the completeness of their surrender. Starvation brought about by drought and by flood, poverty arising from unutterable ignorance and political corruption, decimation by malignant diseases which are completely incomprehensible—these are part of daily life, the customs are built around them. Prosperity means not escape from the rut, but merely a wider rut. Patriotism is the desire for domination over other ruts, and religion covers the instincts of preservation and propagation. Salvation is the name of an idea that has no meaning to them.

One may say that surely there are individuals who have been enlightened. Indeed there are, but we cannot speak of them. They are the few, comparatively speaking, and we are here presenting that from which they have escaped, under which the many millions of their fellows lie prostrate.

This paper might be ended here with a purely humanitarian programme. We might urge that you go out and take aid to this typical individual. We might strain every nerve to change his condition, enlighten his ignorance, save the lives of his babies, give him one day in seven when he may cease from the toil that deforms his body, build him a house that has some claim to the name. All these and more should be done. But you would still find the same reluctance to move from the rut, the same shuddering from a strange life of new possibilities, reviving other sensitivities and bringing fresh suffering. That is the Oriental calm, the recoil from anything new because of the suffering it may entail. And there is no vision of anything that might compensate for greater suffering. We must do more than alleviate their sufferings, we must give this people a *vision* of that which lies beyond, that they may see the rut from a point of view above, that they may of their own desire flee from it, no matter how great the effort. How can we do it?

Let us return to the case of your friend. What could you do for him? You had need of great delicacy there. He must see first of all your affection, and must believe in it. You had to treat him with every consideration, emphasize your loyalty and stand by waiting for the barrier to break. A mistimed word might have ruined permanently your chances of being helpful. But finally your love overtook him, and when, in the excess of his misery and in his great faith in you, he broke down and laid the pitiful story before you, what had you to say? It was no time for indiscriminate sympathy which comforts with the fallacy that "everything will be all right soon". Merely to utter the fundamental truth would have been of little avail. He had probably heard and seen that many times. You had first to make him understand that his case was not unique, that, in their essential nature,

The Racial Rut

his weaknesses were shared by the rest of us and that it is from such weaknesses that we all must rise. Having destroyed his darling delusion, you had further to prove to him that there is but one method of rising—by submission to God's Will. You had to say with Maeterlinck that "the truth is never hostile", and add the positive statement that it is always beneficent. And all these things had to come to him through your personality, otherwise they were useless. By God's grace you were enabled to make these verities glow with a warm flame that kindled his heart too. Then he could be brought face to face with the unadorned facts of his own situation and be convicted of the truth. Then he could exclaim from the depths of his heart, "I will arise and go to my Father, and say 'Father, I have sinned against Heaven and in Thy sight'". Then you knew that you had your old friend back again.

So we must do with our nation in the rut, China. One by one, the individuals must be approached and love must lead them through love to the vision of that Eternal Love, in which there is no satiety.

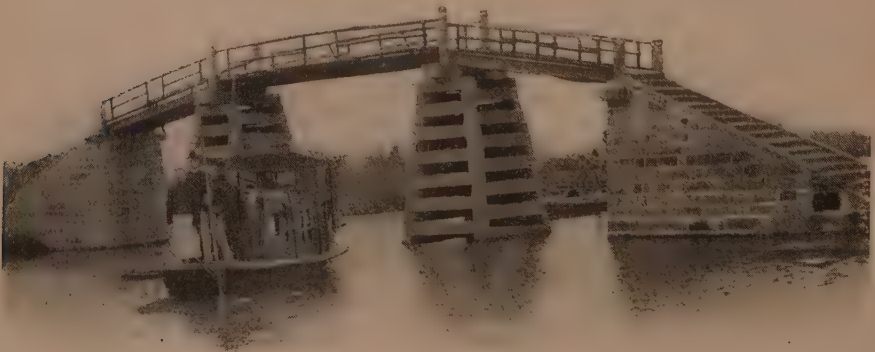
You may here call to mind impressions of Oriental magnificence, of

dainty pleasure that despises the grossness of a more vigorous race, of scholastic achievements calling for great praise, of pleasant gardens and soft-handed aristocrats in silken garments—all in contrast to the picture we have been drawing. Let your impressions be true in the case of thousands, still there are *millions* in that teeming country for whom the rut is not made comfortable by such mitigations, and they are all in the same condition.

"My soul is athirst for the living God". Do not the very words, by their passionate beauty, foster the craving they express? Can we not, at our lowest ebb, find a response in our hearts to that ringing cry?

But here are countless children of God, who are ready to perish eternally of that thirst, and know it not!

Can we lay before them the riches of the religion we profess? Can we go to them in unwearied love, break the barriers that imprison them, take them by the hand, bear with all their hostility and suspicion and misinterpretation and misuse of our help, stand by them with ever-ready assistance, vitalize for them the truth which shall make them free—lead them, by God's grace, to that Kingdom where to serve is to reign?





BISHOP ROWE AT A FISHING CAMP ON THE YUKON

The "Pelican" in which the bishop and archdeacon have come is tied up to the bank. The large nets beside the Indian are used in catching the king salmon. The racks for the fish are seen propped against the bank and upright poles

THE YUKON SALMON

By Hudson Stuck, D.D., F.R.G.S.

Archdeacon of the Yukon

THE tourist, or traveller, making the interesting voyage down the Yukon river in midsummer, will have thrust upon his notice continually the fish camps scattered along the banks. The dogs, tethered to stakes on the beach, each beside the hole he has dug in the earth for protection against the heat of the sun, arouse themselves as the steamboat passes and claim attention and vent their excitement by barks or howls. Poor beasts!—the heat and the mosquitoes and the close restraint of the tether make summer a continual torment for them, and if dogs could look forward they would certainly long for the winter, with all its toil and exposure, in preference. The creaking, groaning fish wheels, which have largely supplanted the

more primitive and laborious methods of catching, proclaim their presence also by assaulting the ear.

Should the season have made some advance, the constantly recurring fish camps add a very picturesque note to the landscape, for the racks of dull red salmon, spreading as the catch proceeds, give a new tone of color and warmth, and added to the white of the tents, the painted boats and canoes, the colored cottons and bright silk handkerchiefs of the women, form a vivacious break in river scenery that in some stretches of hundreds of miles needs relief from monotony.

The Indians of the Yukon—and of the many great tributaries which the tourist does not see at all—are engaged upon their harvest. And not the In-

The Yukon Salmon

dians only, for many a white man who spends his winter prospecting for gold or in trapping furs, is as much dependent as the Indian upon dried salmon, if he would prosecute either of these vocations.

For the whole economy of the Yukon country is based upon dried salmon. There are other food resources, it is true. The interior of Alaska is still one of the world's chief big-game countries; the moose range the valleys, great herds of caribou pass over the hills above the timber line, upon loftier mountains the wild sheep may be found. In the early summer and in the fall, flocks of ducks and geese arrive and depart, pausing, some of them, only for a short rest ere they pursue their journeys to or from the Arctic coast, while others breed in the lakes and streams of the interior. Moreover, salmon is not the only fish of these waterways; there are many other varieties that issue out of the lakes, some in the spring, some in the fall; but the former are too early and the latter too late for that drying in the sun which preserves all the nutriment while it discharges the great bulk of water, and renders dried fish one of the world's most compact, transportable foods.

Hunting and trapping are alike dependent upon the salmon, for neither is possible without a dog team, and almost the exclusive food of the dog is dried fish. The hunting grounds may be a hundred miles away from the village—which is always situated upon navigable water—and even when arrived at regions where game abounds, there is always uncertainty about the chase. Weather conditions may prevent hunting for weeks at a time; it is perfectly useless to hunt moose except when a wind is blowing—so acute is the hearing of this animal—and winter in the interior of Alaska often affords the delight of many consecutive days of clear, cold weather with not a breath stirring.

The trap line of an energetic man often covers a hundred miles. He must pass up and down this line, visiting his traps and removing the animals caught at regular intervals during the whole season, and this would be out of the question without a dog team.

Indeed for any travel at all, for prospecting for minerals (carried on chiefly in the winter), for the transportation of the mails, the dog is the only draught animal, the only means of locomotion other than walking, the indispensable domestic animal of the interior of Alaska.

This unqualified statement, based upon fifteen years' residence and almost continual travel in the interior of Alaska, may sound strange to those who have lately been reading about the use of the reindeer as a draught animal in Alaska.

One of the great difficulties in writing anything about Alaska lies in this circumstance, that so extensive and diverse is the country, stretching through so many degrees of latitude and including so many varieties of climate, that no general statement whatever is true of the whole territory. Yet the popular mind is prone to take what is said with entire truth about one part of Alaska and extend it to other parts where it is not true at all. Articles about the reindeer which have appeared in many magazines are perfectly true to the region with which they deal—the Seward peninsula and the Arctic and sub-Arctic coast—but do not apply to the interior, and it would be only a practical joke to apply them to Juneau or Sitka. It is true that reindeer have been driven hitched to sleds along the trails of the interior. It is also true that a dog-sled has been driven along Broadway in New York, and I have heard of a zebra being driven in harness in Hyde Park. But these feats were just as much out of the natural and ordinary as reindeer-sleds would be in the interior. I have dealt with



SALMON HUNG ON RACKS TO DRY

This picture was taken some years ago at Anvik

it at length elsewhere*, but there is one circumstance I would impress upon the reader's memory: that upon a journey made in the winter of 1917-18 along the entire Arctic coast of Alaska, I did not see a single deer hitched to a sled, although there must have been 50,000 reindeer in the hinterland of that coast. The mail was carried in dog-sleds, the Eskimos that we met were travelling with dog-sleds; even the reindeer herders themselves when they had occasion to pass up or down the coast used dog-sleds—for which there was good and sufficient reason; the reindeer moss along the coast was all eaten off and gone. Let the reader remember this fact when he hears about the usefulness of reindeer as draught animals even upon the Arctic coast. In the interior they are out of the question.

The Indians of the Yukon, to return to them, have been ground into a correspondence with their environment, into an adaptation of their mode of life to their environment as a lens is ground into conformity of shape with the stone that grinds it. Those who live in the more eligible, fructiferous regions of the earth may have some play, some margin of uncon-

formity, but the Arctic and sub-Arctic native must conform or disappear. As Kipling says,

It is not learning, grace, or gear,
Or easy meat and drink,
But bitter pinch of pain and fear
That makes creation think.

So it has been the "bitter pinch" that has made the Indian work out for himself his domestic economy. And that economy is based upon the summer harvest of the rivers, upon a sufficient supply of dried salmon to feed his dogs and to form his own insurance, and the insurance of his wife and children, against the chances which always attend the procuring of other food.

There are only two considerable white towns within the region of the Yukon, both of them on the Tanana river, within seventy-five miles of one another, Fairbanks and Nenana, the one a mining town and the other a railway-construction town, and they are not, of course, dependent upon the salmon, although not free of the need of it for dog-team travel. The other white settlements, Eagle, Circle, Tanana, Ruby, Marshall, Iditarod, are small, and the inhabitants much more dependent upon the fish supply.

But the whole immense country, traversed from end to end by a great

* *A Winter Circuit of Our Arctic Coast*, Chas. Scribner's Sons.



INDIAN IN BIRCHBARK CANOE VISITING HIS NETS

river running east and west, with ramifying tributaries north and south reaching into the remotest parts of it, is peopled by sparse, scattered Indians and sparser and more scattered whites, of whom all that has been said of the fundamental indispensability of the salmon is entirely true. To deprive this region of its fish supply is to make it a very much poorer country for whites and natives alike, is to upset at a blow the basis of its whole economy and bring confusion and ruin to its present inhabitants.

Now there is decided danger at this very time of this thing being done, and that is why the present article is written.

Last summer a floating cannery was in operation during the whole season at the principal mouth of the Yukon and out in Bering Sea, just opposite that mouth, and last summer the catch all along the Yukon and its tributaries, in general, was the poorest ever known, was the nearest approach to complete failure at most places that anyone can remember. At Fort Yukon, 1,200 miles above the mouth, dried fish that commonly sells at five cents per pound, was selling at thirty-five cents at the beginning of the winter, with only a few thousand pounds, scraped up by the traders from many points up and down the river, on hand. On the Tanana river, the chief south-

ern tributary of the Yukon, there was no fish to be had at any price. On the Koyukuk river, the chief northern tributary, the whole native catch probably did not exceed three or four tons. Most of the dogs on the Tanana and Koyukuk rivers have already been killed, or have starved to death.

The destruction of dogs that has gone on is a very serious thing. The Reverend F. B. Drane, missionary on the Tanana river, writes: "At Chena there is hardly a full team left in the village that formerly was able to keep ten or twelve teams in good shape. They simply could not get enough fish through the summer to keep the dogs alive." Father Jette, the Roman Catholic missionary at Tanana, telegraphed in November, "Natives have begun shooting their dogs: without fish they cannot hunt, hence scarcity of meat." The Reverend W. A. Thomas telegraphed at the same time, "Destruction of dogs inevitable: outlook very gloomy for winter."

Those interested in the cannery, and those who, for one reason or another, espouse the cause of the cannery, maintain that this scarcity was only a coincidence, and that the cannery had nothing to do with it.

It is true that there was a shortage of salmon all along the Alaskan coast last summer. And that brings up the



A HAPPY SUMMER CAMP

larger question of the reckless greed of the canneries that is surely depleting the Pacific waters of these fish. Since in some unintelligent though not always uninfluential quarters missionary statements are heavily discounted, here is cold-blooded commercial testimony: "That the future of Alaska's greatest industry and her greatest source of revenue, fishing, is threatened, there is no gainsaying and this condition has been brought about by the inordinate greed of trappers, seiners and trollers, who for years have plied these methods for taking fish so close to the mouths of the spawning streams that fewer fish have been permitted to enter these streams with each succeeding season until depletion is not only threatened but imminent." This—and there is more of the same kind—is from the *Bi-monthly Bulletin of the Alaska Bureau of Publicity* "authorized by the governor", for 10th December, 1919. There is little doubt in the minds of those best qualified to know that unless stringent restrictive legislation be passed there will soon be no more salmon in Pacific waters than there are today in Atlantic.

But that larger issue cannot be dealt with here. I suppose the world can get on without canned salmon if it has to. But the Yukon Indian *cannot* get on without dried salmon. And the case of a great river like the

Yukon, with inhabitants along fifteen hundred miles of its length, and along a much greater aggregate length of its tributaries, dependent upon this immemorial harvest of fish, certainly deserves some more especial consideration than do the small spawning streams all along the southeastern coast that tumble down from the mountains into the sea, without any inhabitants on them at all. The Yukon fishing is in a class by itself.

Much is made by apologists for the cannery of the employment that it gave to "nearly a hundred white men and natives". Much is made of the sale of nearly \$2,000 worth of meat to the cannery from the reindeer herd near the mouth of the river. These benefits were confined to the delta country, to the tundra region of the mouth, and are altogether insignificant and negligible when compared with the injury that has been already wrought to the inhabitants of all the wide interior.

Doubtless the general salmon shortage affected the Yukon also last summer. But that the operations of the cannery did not injure the fishing along the Yukon is not credible to disinterested persons familiar with the situation. Certainly if the thousands of tons of salmon taken by the cannery had been allowed to pass up the stream, the shortage in the interior would have been very much less.

The Yukon Salmon

Will the United States government permit the people of the interior of Alaska to be robbed of their most dependable and plentiful food supply in order to enrich a commercial company? If the government chooses to let the canneries of the southern and southeastern coast kill the goose that lays the golden egg, that is its own concern; the food is not taken out of the mouths of the people of Alaska. But to permit salmon canning on the Yukon is to deprive some four or five thousand self-supporting Indians, and many hundreds of whites, of one of their chief means of livelihood.

The time has at last come when those who have been so kindly interested in the matter of the salmon cannery at the mouth of the Yukon river, Alaska, may take definite and helpful action.

A bill has just been introduced into Congress by the Hon. George Grigsby, delegate from Alaska, numbered House Bill 13,334, entitled "A bill to prohibit for the purpose of canning and export from Alaska, fishing of salmon in the Yukon river, its tributaries and adjacent waters."

It is recognized that only by arousing general interest amongst the constituents of members of Congress is there any likelihood of bringing this bill to a vote in the present congested condition of legislation, and all friends

of the Yukon Indians are urged to exert themselves in this matter of vital moment.

The bill has been referred to the Committee on the Merchant Marine and Fisheries, the members of which are as follows:

William S. Green, Massachusetts, chairman.

George W. Edmonds, Pennsylvania.

Frederick W. Rowe, New York.

Frank D. Scott, Michigan.

Wallace H. White, Jr., Maine.

Frederick R. Lehlbach, New Jersey.

Sherman E. Burroughs, New Hampshire.

Charles F. Curry, California.

Edwin D. Ricketts, Ohio.

Carl R. Chindblom, Illinois.

Frank Crowther, New York.

Clifford E. Randall, Wisconsin.

William N. Andrews, Maryland.

Rufus Hardy, Texas.

Edward W. Saunders, Virginia.

Peter J. Dooling, New York.

Ladislav Lazaro, Louisiana.

David H. Kincheloe, Kentucky.

William D. Bankhead, Alabama.

William C. Wright, Georgia.

By sending letters to any members of the committee, especially to those from the writers' states, attention will be called to the bill and its consideration expedited. Letters to congressmen, as well as to members of the committee, will be of great help.

Since the salmon cannery at the mouth of the Yukon was, at the least, certainly a contributory cause of the failure of the food supply of the natives of the Yukon country last summer, and its continuance will be a yearly menace threatening starvation of human beings and their dogs, I feel that such business should be prohibited, and I ask the support of all kindly disposed persons in securing the passage of the bill now introduced into Congress prohibiting the operation of salmon canneries on the Yukon and adjacent waters. I was an eye-witness of the very serious failure of the salmon fishing on large stretches of the Yukon and its tributaries last summer, and I feel strongly that interference with the natural migration of the fish should be forbidden by law.

R. J. Rowe

Bishop of Alaska.



SOME OF THE CHILDREN ADOPTED BY MRS. FERGUSON

“AM I MY BROTHER’S KEEPER?”

By the Reverend William M. Ramsaur

A SHORT time ago while in conversation with a gentleman in Monrovia, Liberia, he incidentally remarked that his family now numbers thirty-one. This seemed somewhat large, even for Africa, so I inquired if these children could all be his own. He informed me on the contrary that none of his children is living, and that those who are now with him, with a few exceptions, are boys and girls from the native tribes whom he is endeavoring to prepare for useful and honorable citizenship. The size of his household is not typical, but the work which he is doing is.

Liberia in fact is a land of adopted children. For many years it has been the practice of the civilized people to receive into their homes children from the native tribes, some from the vicinity of the civilized settlements and others from the far interior. It is the

nation’s unique and very practical method of meeting a national problem of large dimensions and great urgency—namely, the transformation of the native elements into men and women capable of sharing in the responsibilities of a free and democratic government. The difficulty and extent of this undertaking are seen when we recall that the uncivilized peoples outnumber the civilized by a ratio of perhaps fifty to one. Various agencies are endeavoring to meet this situation, but none perhaps with quicker and more uniformly good results than this policy of the “adopted children”.

The home of the late Bishop Ferguson, where I have just spent a number of weeks, furnishes a good illustration of the workings of this plan. There are now eight native children in the home: a girl from the Kru tribe, six Bassa boys, and a son of a



THE EPISCOPAL RESIDENCE, MONROVIA

chief among the Buzi people, a tribe living far to the north near the Franco-Liberian border. These children constitute only one of several groups of native boys and girls that have come into this home and received their preparation for life. Mrs. Ferguson* feeds and clothes them and sends them to school. They in turn assist her in the work of the home. Such an effective Christian influence is exerted here! Day after day they live under the constant care of a sincere Christian woman, and inevitably absorb the ideals and atmosphere of her home. Twice each day she gathers them about her for religious instruction and prayer, by slow and natural processes lifting their minds to a new and richer conception of God. Eventually each in his turn goes out into life fitted at least in part to bear with honor and intelligence its responsibilities.

The practice interested me, and I investigated it further. Selecting a street that seemed to be typical, I visited twenty houses in succession. In them I found forty-eight native children, more than two to a home. There

are 311 homes of civilized people in Monrovia. If then the same proportion maintains throughout the city, and I believe it would run much above the figure I have given, there are approximately 650 native children in the city of Monrovia who are living under these desirable conditions.

To be sure some of the homes are not what they should be, and some of the children are dull and without ambition. The average, however, in both cases would bear comparison with conditions in other lands. It is encouraging to observe that in every case of the homes which I visited save one the children were attending both Sunday-school and day school. In several instances where the boys were old enough they had left the public or mission school, and were endeavoring to learn some trade or useful occupation, and during this period as well as throughout the earlier training the expenses are being met by those in whose homes they are staying. When they are of age, or before if they desire, each one is free to go his own way.

It is by this very practical method that Liberia is endeavoring to answer the ancient query: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

* Mrs. Ferguson died on July 23, 1919, soon after these words were written.

OUR WORK AMONG FOREIGN-BORN AMERICANS

THE REVEREND THOMAS BURGESS, SECRETARY

IN Richmond, Virginia, Easter Week, there was a meeting, presided over by the bishop, of the **Richmond** workers from all the parishes. They had finished studying *Neighbors* and they met to consider definite action. Addresses were made by a Richmond man who had made a thorough study of the local racial situation, and by the secretary. Immediate action was decided upon. A small committee of representatives from each parish was appointed to outline the work. There are only a few thousand foreign-born in Richmond; among them 1,200 Czechs, a number of Italians, a number of Greeks who worship in their own churches and a few Syrians and Armenians. The last, as elsewhere throughout the country, use one of our churches for occasional services and send their children to our Sunday-school. Bishop Brown emphasized the point—and this is one of the reasons I am telling about it all—that the very fact that the number of foreign-born in Richmond is small is a compelling reason why the Church should undertake to solve the problem. Reports are coming to our office from all over the country stating that this or that parish has no foreign-born neighbors, or that they are so few that there is no need of doing anything. The former declaration I often doubt. The latter shows that the opportunity is all the better. Is it not obvious that where foreign-born aliens are few and scattered through the community it is easier for Church people to be neighborly and friendly to them?

IN Washington, at the Department of the Interior, I got confirmation of the pitiful news that the long and well-worked out **Federal Failure** Americanization plans of Secretary Lane and his staff have come to naught, simply because there have been no appropriations. The Smith-Bankhead, the Smith-Towner and the Kenyon bills for teaching English and good citizenship to the foreign-born are still in the seclusion of the committee pigeon-holes, inevitably dying of old age. The Americanization Bureau has had to be abolished.

A BEAUTIFUL altar; the bishop of New York, attended by many white-robed clergy; a great choir of girls with red **Italians** capes and caps; below, to the right, a block of white-veiled girls; to the left, gray-caped women with black veils, and behind them men and boys—all these (102) about to receive the Gift of the Holy Ghost, or to renounce their former allegiance to the Church of Rome and be received with bishop's blessing into our Church of America; then stretching behind this a great congregation, mostly Italians and their children—such was the confirmation service at Grace Chapel, New York City, in Lent. One hundred and two is a little above the average class. They were all Italian stock. Everything was perfectly ordered. The Italian hymns were stirring; the voices beautiful. But most impressive of all was the deep and simple reverence which shone from the fine dark faces of these Italians as they knelt at the altar rail.

THE EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT

W. C. STURGIS, PH.D., SECRETARY

ASK the average layman in what command of our Lord the Church finds one incentive to missionary activity? Of the few who can give any answer, 99.9 per cent will reply, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." As a matter of fact, however, this was only one of His four missionary commands, and the last one at that. Also it is the one of the four which appears to the average layman as impracticable in general and inconceivable in his own case. Of course it does, because the man misunderstands what it means to be a missionary, and fails to realize that a lot of preparation has to be made before he is ready to get actively into any form of Church extension. Our Lord's first counsel in this connection was, "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields". Hence the *Survey*! Any layman can understand that; and if he has a spark of loyalty and curiosity, he will get busy on the *Survey* and have the satisfaction of knowing that he is doing one thing at least that Christ told him to do.

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FREE copies of our special edition of the *General Survey* and of the accompanying *Manual* have been sent to all of the provincial secretaries and to every diocesan educational secretary of the Woman's Auxiliary. Plans have also been made for presenting, at every diocesan council meeting, the vital necessity of including a study of the *Survey* in the programme of every parish in the Church during every year of the present triennium. Classes for such study and for the training of leaders in it will be a prominent feature of every summer conference this year. I am keeping my eyes and

ears open for news of every leader of a Men's Bible Class, in order to bring this important matter to his attention. Copies of the *Survey* and *Manual* have been sent to the editors of our leading Church papers, with the request that they present this opportunity to their readers. By this means I am hoping to prevent the complaint, on the part of so many people, both clerical and lay, that they can't find out what the Church is studying.

✱

PARISHES which have been studying *Neighbors* this year will welcome an admirable play recently written by Mrs. Burrows of Geneva, N. Y., and entitled *Mother Church and the New Americans*. It has now been published by my Department and is ready for distribution at 25c. per copy. The style is simple, the lines are easily learned, and the appeal for mutually friendly relations is made very direct. The play requires a cast of about twenty-four children and four older persons.

✱

THROUGH an error last month, I listed *Conneaut, O.*, among the summer conference locations. It should have been listed as *Conneaut Lake, Pa.* Also the dates of the Montrose Conference are July 5-10, not June 21-26.

✱

THE deans of the several theological seminaries have associated themselves as a board of editors to prepare a little paper known as *The Church's Ministry*. As its name implies, it is devoted to presenting the claims of the ministry of the Church to the laymen of today. For copies address one of the deans.

MEETING OF THE DEPARTMENT OF MISSIONS

AT THE regular meeting of the Department of Missions and Church Extension held in the Church Missions House on April 13th, the following members, besides the officers, were present: The president of the Council, Bishop Gailor, in the chair; Bishops Burch, Perry and Murray, the Reverend Drs. Freeman and Stires, Messrs. Burton Mansfield and George Gordon King.

Many important matters came before the meeting. On account of the constantly increasing cost of living a small increase was made in the salaries of the native workers in the two Japan districts. An appropriation of \$5,000 was made to build a residence for the Reverend J. Hubard Lloyd, our missionary at Wakayama, the amount to be provided from the proceeds of the sale of Saint Barnabas's

Hospital in Osaka. This hospital will undoubtedly be re-located in the district, the location being left to the judgment of the bishop and his council of advice. In the district of Anking, the bishop was authorized to lease the part of our property in Wuhu which is not now necessary for missionary purposes, and to use the income to pay the interest on a loan with which to purchase other property.

The following appointments were made: Miss M. L. Bartberger to Alaska, Miss Mabel Gertrude Piper to Shanghai, Miss Gertrude I. Lester to Cuba, the Reverend George A. Griffiths to Porto Rico, and Miss Mary F. Myers to Oklahoma. Three resignations were accepted: the Reverend H. H. Lumpkin from Alaska, the Reverend A. E. Butcher from Honolulu, and Sister Helen from Anking.

NEWS AND NOTES

THE Princeton summer school for the clergy of the Province of New York and New Jersey will hold a five days session at Princeton, beginning on the evening of Monday, June 21st, and closing on Friday, June 25th. In addition to the special courses of lectures offered to the clergy, those attending this session may take advantage of all the facilities provided by the school for Church workers, which will be in session at the same time. The expense for the five days will be \$5.00 registration fee, payable on application, and \$7.50 for board and lodging, payable on arrival. As the number which can be accommodated is limited, early application should be made to the Reverend Ralph E. Urban, All Saints' Church, Trenton, N. J., who will gladly furnish particulars.

THE first Church-school Lenten Offering for 1920 to be received at the Church Missions House was a splendid one of \$504 from the parish of Saint James, Hendersonville, North Carolina, in the district of Asheville. We congratulate the rector, the Reverend A. W. Farnum, and the sixty-three children who took part in the offering, on their achievement.

ALTHOUGH Easter Day at Juneau, Alaska, was stormy there was a large attendance at all of the services. Almost all of the communicants were present, some of them coming from Thane and Douglas. Dean Christian, in addition to his services in Juneau, went to Douglas in the evening. The Church School Lenten Offering was fifty per cent. more this year than last.

MUCH to the regret of Bishop Restarick, the Reverend A. E. Butcher has been compelled, for reasons of health, to resign from the Honolulu mission.

*

IN response to many requests, the picture of Bishop Tuttle used on the cover of the Convention Number of this magazine has been reproduced on heavy paper suitable for framing. Copies may be procured for ten cents apiece, postpaid, from THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

*

THE REVEREND SAMUEL W. GRICE has declined his election as Bishop of Haiti and the presiding bishop has appointed Bishop Morris of Panama, bishop-in-charge of the former district. Bishop Colmore of Porto Rico will continue to oversee the work in the Dominican Republic.

*

IN an article in our March issue, Archdeacon Steel of Cuba made the statement that Trinity Chapel, Los Arabos, was built by a Massachusetts Sunday-school. A correspondent calls our attention to the fact that the chapel at Los Arabos was built through the kindness of the Sunday-school of Trinity Church, New Haven, Connecticut. We are sure that Archdeacon Steel will feel grateful—as we do—for this correction.

*

THE REVEREND H. H. LUMPKIN has resigned the charge of Saint Matthew's Mission at Fairbanks, Alaska, and accepted a call to Grace Church, Madison, Wisconsin, the parish left vacant by the election of Bishop Morris to Panama. A recent number of *The Alaskan Churchman* contains a symposium of appreciations of Mr. Lumpkin personally, and of his work at Fairbanks, contributed by those in all walks of life. One and all voice affection for Mr. Lumpkin and regret at his loss.

A NEW era is beginning in our Church's reaching out to the two million Scandinavian unchurched. The Reverend Philip Broburg of Saint Paul, Minnesota, (see the picture of him and his congregation, page 127 of *Neighbors*) has just been appointed as a second general missionary to the Scandinavians, especially for the mid-west. He is American-born. He will prove a second Doctor Hammar-sköld.

The Swedish work of St. Bartholomew's, New York, had recently dwindled and the rector had almost given it up. Begging for time, Dr. Hammar-sköld took hold himself and then nominated its present priest, the Reverend E. G. Ericson. Now they have one thousand paying members.

*

SUMMER schools for the Province of New York and New Jersey will be held at Princeton Seminary, Princeton, N. J., June 21 to July 1, and Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y., July 5-16. Courses are offered for Church-school teachers, parish and social workers, deaconesses and members of the Girls' Friendly Society, Daughters of the King, Brotherhood of Saint Andrew and the Woman's Auxiliary, in Missions, Religious Education and Christian Social Service. At both schools there will be daily conferences for men under the direction of the Brotherhood of Saint Andrew, conferences on the teaching of the catechism, conducted by the Reverend Thomas Conover of Bernardsville, N. J., and conferences for young people on "Life Work" conducted by Miss Sarah Ashhurst, a missionary in the district of Cuba. The total cost of attending the schools (in addition to the railroad fare) is the registration fee of \$3.00, \$1.50 a day for meals, and \$2.00 for a room on the campus for the whole session. To secure the latter application should be made as soon as possible to Mrs. G. H. Lewis, New Paltz, N. Y., who will be glad to send information.

OUR LETTER BOX

Intimate and Informal Messages from the Field



The Reverend William M. Purce is the general missionary in the diocese of Nebraska. For many years his activities were confined to the region north of the Platte river. Recently he has begun work in a new field, about which he has written us as follows:

THE above picture shows a class of nineteen girls recently confirmed by Bishop Shayler at the Industrial School for Girls at Geneva, Nebraska. Last fall our diocesan Board of Missions moved me from the northern part of the diocese of Nebraska to the southern part, with headquarters in Geneva. I was expected to have one Sunday afternoon service at the Industrial School for Girls, located just outside the city. The other Sunday afternoons were

taken by other ministers living in the town. I soon decided that going out there for one short service a month was going to accomplish nothing unless personal work could be done among the girls, but being a state institution it was in a way difficult to do this. I found, however, that of the one hundred and five girls not half of them had ever been baptized.

After some little time I hit on the plan of having a religious census of the school taken, and in this every girl was asked to give her Church preference and to say whether she had been baptized. Three gave the Episcopal Church as their preference, and of these one had been confirmed and the

Our Letter Box

other two had been baptized. At the same time nine other girls signified their desire to be baptized by me. I then began giving confirmation instruction and found that most of the girls had never had the slightest religious instruction and knew nothing about religion. Many of them had committed very grave sins without realizing that they were sinning. Their eagerness to learn was really pathetic. Soon others wanted to come into the class, with the result that I was able to present nineteen for confirmation, and the next morning the bishop confirmed one who was confined to her bed.

When it is considered that these girls have never before known anything of religion, we begin to realize the appalling condition, religiously, of this portion of the country. They come from all over the state of Nebraska. Soon they will leave to return to their homes, and then what will become of them? Is it not the duty of every Christian man and woman to hold out a helping hand to these children of our Heavenly Father? These girls have now made a start in the Christian life and it is to be hoped that they will receive the help of all Christian people when they leave this institution.



We are indebted to the secretary of the Woman's Auxiliary of Saint Luke's Church, Prescott, Arizona, for the following letter, which was received from Mrs. Burke, at Saint Stephen's Mission, Fort Yukon, Alaska. Dr. Burke is in charge of the medical work at that point and, as the letter shows, his work and influence reach out in many directions. The letter is interesting, also, in its reference to the shortage of salmon (see p. 317 in this issue).

WILL you kindly thank the Woman's Auxiliary for the fine box they so kindly sent us? What a joy it is to get such a box! Everything was most useful and came in beautifully packed.

The hospital has been full of patients, and without a sufficient

staff, things have been rather hard, but we don't mind the work for we look forward this summer to a full staff when two nurses and a matron will be coming in. At present we have eleven patients. Our sick come from all over the interior of Alaska. Two dear little children were sent 260 miles down the Yukon from Eagle; another patient was brought up the river 150 miles from Stephen's Village, having come all the way in a sled; a mission boy from Nenana, over 500 miles away, arrived on the last boat dying of consumption. Tonight a white man was brought up in a sled, having travelled over ten days in 50° below zero weather to reach medical aid. He had been lost in the mountains south of here and was without food. Both feet and one hand were badly frozen. Several years ago he lost his right arm from freezing and not being able to get medical help. So you can imagine how rejoiced he was to reach a hospital and doctor.

At present we are very much concerned as to what the outcome will be regarding the cannery at the mouth of the Yukon river. The bishop and Archdeacon Stuck are doing all in their power to have it removed. It is very serious, for if the cannery remains, in a short time there will be no fish in the Yukon, which means starvation for both the natives and their dogs. For if a native is deprived of his dog team he can no longer trap or hunt—his only means of making a living.

At the mission house we have four native boys and two girls. These children we are training, and what a bright bunch they are! The other day we were making ice cream, and as I took out the dasher, Jimmie wanted to know if he could pick the bone! I wish I could tell you a little more about our family but it is growing late, and there are other letters to write.

THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY

TO THE PRESIDING BISHOP AND COUNCIL

THE CHURCH SERVICE LEAGUE

How One Parish Has Organized

By Ada Loaring Clark

The following article, as the title indicates, gives the story of how one parish is working out the Church Service League. The suggestions are most interesting, but a word of warning should be added. Many parishes will work out their problems in a different way. So far as reports have reached us, few have "disbanded" any of the women's parochial organizations. They have simply *federated those already in existence*. We would take this opportunity to say that it is not necessary to organize any new societies in order to have a unit of the Church Service League. Some questions have been raised on this point, some parishes actually thinking that they could not have a Church Service League unless they had chapters of the seven societies with national organization. This is entirely unnecessary. A federation can be had where two societies exist.

There are also a few parishes which have included men in the Church Service League, though we have heard of some where the men objected to being left out!

RECONSTRUCTION, reorganization and development for more active and efficient service strike today's keynote in every field of endeavor.

With this in mind the women of the Auxiliary throughout last year discussed, at their conferences and summer schools, the possibility of enlarging the plan and scope of their work.

It was definitely decided to do this at the Triennial Meeting held in Detroit, and at the same meeting the women of the Auxiliary voted unanimously for the formation of a Church Service League, such a body to be a federation of the six existing women's societies in the Church with national organization. These societies were the Girls' Friendly Society, Daughters of the King, Guild of Saint Barnabas, Church Periodical Club and the Church Mission of Help. These, together with the Woman's Auxiliary and the Churchwoman's Patriotic League, federated for the purpose of

appealing as never before to all the women of the Church for their united service in carrying forward the whole work of the Church.

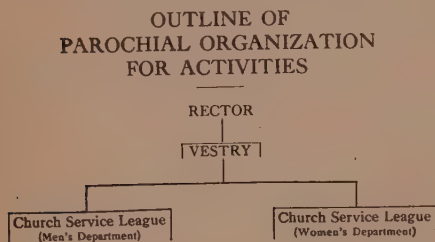
Such a federation has now been formed and a national committee organized. Diocesan committees are organized or in process of organization and parochial organization naturally follows. Saint Paul's, Chattanooga, immediately fell into line and after a most successful canvass in the Nation-Wide Campaign, for both money and service, the rector called the women together and in response a large gathering of women, who were enthusiastic in their acceptance of the proposed plans, assembled.

A parochial unit of the Church Service League was formed after the disbanding of all women's parochial organizations. Eight charts* had been

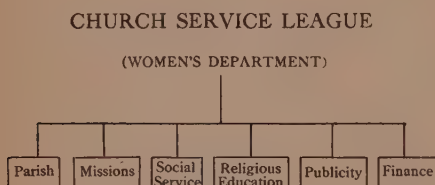
* Sets of the charts shown in this article may be procured from the Woman's Auxiliary at the Church Missions House, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York, for twenty cents a set.

The Woman's Auxiliary

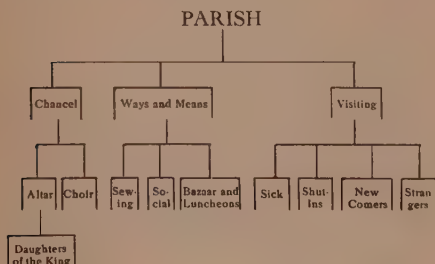
drawn up explanatory of the new organization. The first one showed:



The divisions of work were made synonymous with those of the Presiding Bishop and Council, with the addition of a department for parish work.

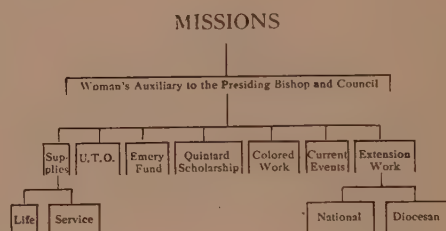


Taking each department separately subdivisions were made in order to cover and embrace the work of all national organizations.



The three main divisions of parish work were "Chancel", "Ways and Means", "Visiting". These were again subdivided, the work of the Chancel covering the heads of "Altar" and "Choir", the former the special prov-

ince of the Daughters of the King, our first organization with a national and diocesan committees. Subcommittees, not shown upon the chart, were those of ecclesiastical embroidery, memorial flowers and the making and mending of clergy and choir vestments. Under "Ways and Means" all parochial social activities are carried on as well as sewing for Church institutions. The visiting committee of the parish cares for all visiting not of a social service nature.



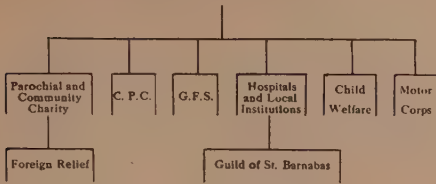
Parochial, diocesan and national missionary work is carried on in the Department of Missions through the parish branch of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Presiding Bishop and Council. The divisions of this department are, of course, peculiar to the diocese of Tennessee and would have to be adapted to the needs of other parishes and dioceses.

The Supply Department is prepared to carry on its work under the chairman of a Red Cross workroom, and to co-operate with the Auxiliary executive officers in their plans.

The Extension Fund, with its two divisions, will care for the finances needed for extension work both in the diocese and in the Church at large. It will also operate actively in the matter of local and diocesan extension. The other subdivisions are self-explanatory, except perhaps the Quintard scholarship, which is a scholarship given annually by the women of Tennessee for the education of a Chinese boy in memory of Bishop Quintard.

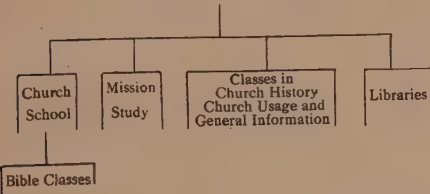
The Woman's Auxiliary

SOCIAL SERVICE



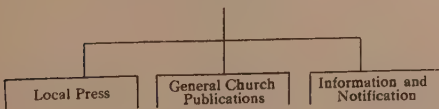
This department embraces the work of three national organizations. It is a very popular department, many women volunteering for service on one or more of its committees. The Motor Corps stands ready to serve each department and has already proved its usefulness in taking committees to local institutions and hospitals and in transporting members of the choir, living at some distance from the church, to and from choir rehearsals. The committee on Foreign Relief takes care of the records of all French, Serbian, Belgian and other orphans who have been adopted by various parochial organizations.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION



The point of contact between this department and the Church School is in the Bible classes for adult women. All mission and other study classes are organized by the department and the placing of books and magazines pertaining to Christian education and missions in local libraries is a part of its work.

PUBLICITY



A general chairman of this department, together with the secretaries of each department, forms the personnel of the Publicity Department. It is the special province of this committee to see that information is given on subjects of interest to the members of the Church Service League, and to perform such other duties as may from time to time come before it, such as the organization of house to house visiting, etc.

FINANCE



This chart is self-explanatory.

After a great deal of consideration and discussion it was decided there should be no dues. The rector brought this matter to a climax by saying that he objected to having any woman told that she must pay a stipulated sum each month before she could do any service, especially as the parish had responded so splendidly to the Nation-Wide Campaign canvass for funds. So, for one year, this experiment is to be tried out.

The Church Service League borrowed some \$800 from one of the old parish organizations having funds at its disposal. Each department drew up its own budget and received from the general treasurer its working funds. At the end of the year this money will be repaid from the proceeds of the work of members of the Church Service League, which will be the one money-making function of the year and by which it is hoped to clear at least \$2,000—giving a working fund for next year, after paying back all indebtedness with interest.

A general chairman, vice-chairman, secretary and treasurer were appointed for the whole Church Service League

The Woman's Auxiliary

and similar officers were appointed for each department.

Each Friday afternoon a meeting is held presided over alternately by the chairman of each department. In the month having five Fridays the fifth Friday is a general meeting, presided over by the general chairman.

At each meeting the work of the department whose chairman presides is gone over in detail. All other departments report through their chairmen. A speaker, usually an expert in the work of the department in charge, gives a fifteen-minute talk, and both attendance and interest have grown tremendously.

Committees meet whenever necessary. Any Churchwoman expressing a desire to serve is a member of the Church Service League and is privileged to attend all meetings of any de-

partment or to function through one committee only. This is a matter of personal pleasure and ability. There is no constitution and but few rules.

The "Five Fields of Service" is the basis of all work and gifts and a chart, similar to that used by the Church School Service League, with a little additional wording, is used to visualize the work accomplished and the gifts made.

This plan is an experimental one. Doubtless there will be much to revise and readjust, but the new organization has brought into active service many women hitherto inactive. It is strengthening them in their capacity for service and above all it is bringing to many women the realization of the fact that all good works are sacred and the Church is the medium through which they should be carried on.

NEW SECRETARIES FOR THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY

IT is a pleasure to be able to announce that the Presiding Bishop and Council have appointed Miss Hutchins as Recruiting Secretary, Miss Boyer as assistant Educational Secretary and Miss Flanders as Office Secretary. It is also hoped that Miss Hendricks may be appointed assistant Recruiting Secretary. Miss Hutchins and Miss Flanders will begin their work this spring; Miss Boyer and Miss Hendricks not until the autumn.

It is unnecessary to enlarge upon the importance of the work these different secretaries will do, but one fact should be emphasized—all of these secretaries and those who are already on the staff, with the exception of the Office Secretary, could be labeled *Field Secretaries* and we hope that the work of the Woman's Auxiliary will be greatly strengthened through the field work which they will undertake.

MISS IVA M. WOODRUFF of our Porto Rico mission is to take a much-needed rest in this country. For the past eight years she has given the most conscientious and effectual service in the mission, especially in the establishment of Saint John's School, San Juan. Bishop Colmore feels that an extended furlough is absolutely necessary for Miss Woodruff if the mission is not to run the risk of losing such a valuable member permanently.

THE diocese of West Missouri publishes a most attractive little paper called *The Courier of the Sunday School Missionary Army*. As its name indicates, it is devoted to chronicling the missionary activities of the Church schools. Letters from the children and from missionaries to whom their offerings go, illustrations, etc., make it full of interest. The Commanding Officer of the Missionary Army is Mr. B. C. Howard, 806 Rialto Building, Kansas City, Mo.

A NEWCOMER IN LIBERIA

By Agnes O. Willing

IT does not seem possible that it is already more than three months since Miss Seaman and I arrived here, for each day seems to fly a little quicker than the one preceding. Although I had heard before coming here that Cape Mount was very beautiful, I certainly never thoroughly realized it, and wish that some of our friends at home could see the view we have from the school. At the back of the house we have what the people here call the "Mountain", and it makes a delightfully cool walk on hot days for it is thick woods all the way up. It is from this mountain that Cape Mount has earned its name in Vey, for in that language it is called *Wah Korlah*, meaning "Under the Mountain". From the porch we have a glorious view of both ocean and lake, being separated by a very narrow strip of land.

Native food has been very scarce of late and there has been a great deal of stealing. A few weeks ago some cassada was stolen from a village near us, and everyone was so glad that the thief was caught. To make things absolutely certain he was to be tried with native medicine, and as I had always wanted to see one of these native trials we set off as soon as possible. When we reached the village we found the medicine was already made. They asked several people to go out of sight, and see that someone hid a bunch of keys on his or her person. If the man was guilty and the medicine good its effect would make him find the keys, although he was really guilty no matter which way the trial went.

As soon as one of the girls had hidden the keys the man was seated upon a mat. The medicine, which looked like a mixture of greens and water, but had a most peculiar odor, was

placed in a large wooden bowl upon his head. A woman stood behind him and kept on hitting the bowl with a piece of bamboo, and repeating over and over in Vey: "If Mamboo knows where the keys are he must get them, but if not he must sit still". The man gradually worked himself into a perfect frenzy, began swaying to and fro, rolled around the mat, and finally jumped up with the bowl in his hands. Then it really seemed as if Bedlam had broken loose, for everyone screamed and howled and a great number of people took to their heels.

The amusing part was that the girl who had the keys remained perfectly still, while Mamboo chased Tombah, the man who works around the hospital, all the way down one hill and up the next, finally caught him and beat him till the bowl broke in two. The result of the trial was that Mamboo was imprisoned, and poor Tombah presented himself later at the hospital with his shoulders sore and bruised and begged to have them attended to.

Perhaps you already know that Miss Conway has opened dispensaries in two native towns, Bendoo and Jondoo. She and I have just returned from a two weeks' stay there, which we both much enjoyed in spite of heavy rains, a rough lake, and swampy roads.

One great joy in working among the natives out here is that they always seem so glad to see white people and will do anything in their power for us. When we reached Bendoo we found the town almost deserted, and the greater number of the people away at the rice farms, so there was very little dispensary work to be done. Mr. Sherman, the chief of Bendoo, invited us to visit some of his farms, and so as soon as we could we went to see them. The rice fields looked so pretty

A Newcomer in Liberia



ALWAYS SMILING!

A patient who comes to Saint Timothy's Hospital

with the ripe rice, and the women busy cutting with their bright colored handkerchiefs on their heads. Miss Conway, our two girls and I also cut some rice, much to the amusement of the natives. They evidently thought that being a newcomer I needed a little encouragement, for when Miss Conway was not looking they would hand me a bunch of rice.

One day we visited a farm some distance up the river, and the rains had been so heavy that we were able to go in the boat across part of the rice-field. When we arrived there we found that the chief had prepared a house for us to rest in, having two hammocks, and the walls and ground covered with nice new mats. As we appeared a chicken was promptly caught for our dinner. On our return to Bendoo we saw a perfectly huge alligator, which, however, managed to make its escape.

When we arrived at Jondoo we were glad to find more people there than at Bendoo, and we were able to have some nice services. We were getting just a little tired of native food when we received the following note:

"Madam Conway and Willing, Dear Madams—You will please receive by the bearer of this note one Tin butter and one pound of sugar. I have ordered these articles for myself us but when I think about you both the Spirit have just told me to send it you all as present. Therefore I hope and trust that you will receive same for Jesus sake."

We found it very difficult to get a canoe to take us back to Bendoo, but managed finally to obtain one. After paddling for a short time we found the lake so rough that we were obliged to walk the remainder of the way through swamps and over bridges which were too low for the flooded creeks, so that while we were walking on them the water came half way up to our knees. Once I stumbled and sat on the bridge for all the world as if I were riding horseback, and just sat there, laughing so hard that I could not move, with the muddy water reaching up to my waist, and every one else laughing so much that they seemed to be incapable of any assistance. We have quite decided that missionaries should learn to walk the tight-rope before they come out here, for the bridges are often composed of a single log with an occasional stick on either side.

We finally ended our walk to Bendoo with a stroll in the lake. The man who was carrying our things looked so comical, for he walked into too deep water and all we could see of him was his head and our two steamer chairs with the basket containing our belongings in the centre. By the time we reached Bendoo we all felt much cleaner for our watery tramp.

However, in spite of all our amusing experiences it is very nice to be in civilization once more, though one often thinks of all the dear little children who wanted to return with us to the mission, and it will be such a joy when the time comes that we shall be able to start a school for them.

THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY IN HANKOW

By E. Mildred Buchanan

THE twenty-fifth and twenty-seventh of October, 1919, were banner days for the women of the district of Hankow for on them occurred the sixteenth annual meeting of the Hankow Woman's Auxiliary.

How we longed for beautiful clear weather! For, if it should be rainy on those days it meant that many women would be disappointed and that our girls from Saint Hilda's could not walk in to Boone. Chinese girls are not expected to go out in bad weather. Their foot-wear is not built for mud. But we were blessed with ideal weather and the Church of the Holy Nativity in Wuchang was filled to its capacity. One of our girls played the organ and we, as the choir, filled the transept. Mr. Hu, who has recently returned from America, spoke of the missionary and philanthropic work done by American women.

At this service our offering for the year was made, and how thankful we were as our own offering of forty dollars was laid on the alms basin—the largest offering we had ever made.

At the same time a similar service was being held in Hankow in Saint Paul's Cathedral. Our custom is, after the service to serve a light lunch and then have something to entertain the people. On the Wuchang side we had a concert in Boone Library.* The Boone brass band and the stringed orchestra were greatly appreciated, but our girls were especially pleased to hear our chaplain, Mr. Sherman, play the piano. In Hankow, the party consisted of moving pictures at the Y. M. C. A.

The following Monday the business meeting of the delegates took place in

Hankow. Every branch is entitled to one delegate for every ten members. We had seven delegates. Fortunately for us the Yangtze was as calm as a mill pond that day, so we could cross in a sampan. We got there in time for the Communion service at eleven.

In the afternoon the meeting was called to order with Mrs. Gilman in the chair. As the reports were called for, four new branches were reported. The offering amounted to \$739.56. It was voted to give one-eighth of the offering to Grace Church, Hanyang, for the purchase of a bell; one-eighth of the fund for the Old Ladies' Home; one-fourth to the United Offering; one-fourth for the expenses of printing, delegates' fares, etc., and one-fourth to the Hankow Board of Missions.

The meeting decided to request the diocesan synod to devise some plan by which the women of the diocese who are not Bible women nor regularly appointed workers should have representation in the synod. The Bible women and regularly appointed women workers have such representation.

Resolutions as to the part we should take in the Nation-Wide Campaign were adopted, both as to work among Christians and non-Christians.

Among other suggestions, Bible classes and the use of extemporaneous prayer were urged upon the Christians and the first week in Advent is to be kept as a special week of prayer, such as we have had for two years past.

The Christians were asked to select some of their number to start a personal workers' class, so that at China New Year special meetings may be held in all our Churches to reach the non-Christians of the neighborhood. The prayer used for the Nation-Wide

*For a general article on Boone University, see page 281 of this issue.

The Woman's Auxiliary

Campaign has been translated, and the suggestions of the Auxiliary as to how we can increase our evangelistic work are being printed and will be widely distributed.

This meeting has left me deeply impressed by two things; the ability of

the presiding officer to conduct the meeting in Chinese, and the ease with which the Chinese women make their reports. It seems to be absolutely no effort to them to stand before the people and, with no notes, speak quite at length.

THE MARCH CONFERENCE

THE Officers' Conference was held on March 18, representatives from the following dioceses being present: Connecticut, Long Island, Massachusetts, Michigan, Newark, New York, New Hampshire, Oregon, Pennsylvania and Western Massachusetts.

The Executive Secretary announced the appointment by the Presiding Bishop and Council of three new secretaries as noted elsewhere in this issue.

Mrs. Whiteford, one of the Oregon officers, told of the growth of the Auxiliary in that diocese and said that preparations were being made already for the Convention in 1922. Miss Helen Nelson, who had helped as volunteer office secretary in the Woman's Auxiliary office for several months, told of her impressions, stressing especially her wish that many more Churchwomen should find their way to the Auxiliary headquarters.

The subject of the day, "What the Woman's Auxiliary Can Do for Missions", was then taken up by the Executive Secretary of the Department of Missions. Dr. Wood reminded the officers that the Department of Missions was much what the old Board of Missions had been and the relation of the Auxiliary the same to the new organization that it had been to the old—that it meant for the Auxiliary the carrying on of mission study, intercession, parochial and diocesan meetings. He then took up such points as "playing the game"—co-operation, seeking

to enlist the uninterested women, the importance of the United Thank Offering, telling the officers how much work was made possible by this offering, but pointing out how many more workers are needed and how the Church fails to send out great numbers of volunteers. Dr. Wood said that if he had ever questioned the value of "boxes" he was ready to testify to the joy and help they gave as he himself had seen them when visiting missions, and that they were especially helpful now in these days of the high cost of living. He suggested that a little candy would not be unwelcome and added that if chatty, bright letters were written to missionaries they might be welcomed—especially if answers were not expected!

The place women in the East must take brought out the value of such schools as Saint Hilda's, Wuchang; Saint Mary's, Shanghai, and Saint Agnes's, Kyoto, to which the Woman's Auxiliary had given specials. What the Auxiliary can do for Americanization was stressed. Finally the speaker took up the interesting question of "specials" and urged the Auxiliary to continue its interest in them, and in closing he pleaded that the great objective of our work—that of building God's Kingdom—should be kept in view, saying that we must see details but not too much for we must keep a big and wide outlook in planning for the future.

The Conference adjourned for noon prayers.

A LIST OF LEAFLETS

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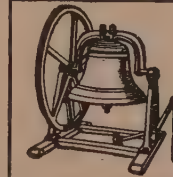
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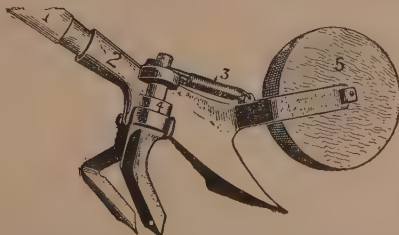
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